THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

MAY, 1800.

SKETCH OF MR. KEMBLE.

BRITAIN owes much of her instruction and entertainment to theatrical exhibitions, which, with a few exceptions, are adapted to teach lessons of improvement. The stage was in high repute among the Greeks and Romans—the plays of several of their writers still attract our attention. The tragedies of Euripides, the comedies of Aristophanes and Terence, are relished in the present day by all those whose taste has been refined by a classical education.

But however affecting may be the incidents of tragedy, or however laughable the peculiarities of comedy, the exertions of the actor are highly necessary to perfect their impression on the human mind. An address to the senses will be felt by individuals of every capacity—the vivacity of such a direct and immediate appeal to the passions cannot be wanting in its effects. Few persons indeed are insensible to the charms of the theatre—the crowded audiences of Drury Lane and Covent Garden attest the truth of these observations. We are all of us alive to its most powerful impressions.

Mr. Kemble, the distinguished actor of the present times, was born about the year 1757 ; for we have not been able to ascertain his age with a precise accuracy.

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He was the eldest son of Mr. Roger Kemble, who is well known to have been for several years manager of an itinerant company of comedians. It is therefore highly probable that the young Kemble occasionally tried his talents under his father's eye, and thus acquired an early relish for a department of life in which he has since acquired such deserved celebrity.

It is said that he was nevertheless sent to the English college of Douay, with the view of putting him in the church. But of the restraints and exertions of an university life he soon became tired, and returned to the stage with an increased predilection for its exhibitions. He joined a strolling company, and entered into all their plans with an additional energy.

It would be impossible to follow our hero through all the various incidents which must have befallen him in this situation A company of strolling players is, proverbially, the sport of contingent circumstances. Peregrinating from place to place, and subjected to the caprice and humour of the vulgar, they are the constant and alternate objects of approbation and disapprobation. Such was once, it seems, the condition of Mr. Kemble. That we have not exaggerated the distresses and hardships of a strolling player may be seen by consulting Goldsmith's Essays, who has delineated them with his usual humour and ability.

From this situation, however, Mr. Kemble extricated himself at length by his own native energies. His, was a genius not to be controuled by ordinary circumstances. He arose from amidst the obscurity in which nature had placed him, and has shone forth with a peculiar glory.

Mr. Kemble performed at the Dublin theatre in the year 1782, and was, on the whole, well received. He particularly succeeded in JEPHSON's *Count of Narbonne*; but in most of his parts there was a strain of fire and animation.

Nor should it be forgotten that, previous to this pe-

riod, he had been favourably received at Edinburgh, which must have afforded him gratification. Having also made *oratory* his study, he presumed to give lectures on this pleasing branch of education. As far as we have been able to learn, his observations on this art were ingenious and accurate, and a considerable degree of success crowned his exertions. His attendants were numerous; for there was a novelty in the affair. Thus was his reputation increased, and his pecuniary interests would receive some accession.

It was soon after his appearance at Dublin that he came to London, and made his *debut* in our metropolis, where stage entertainments are carried to an high pitch of perfection. In his very entrance he was successful beyond his expectations. He chose to appear in the character of HAMLET, exhibiting all its expressive solemnity. Indeed the genius of Kemble delights in such solemn scenes. He possesses a peculiar talent of representing the more grave and interesting passions of our nature. This shews an expansive mind, capable of embracing vast objects; his aim in many characters is nothing less than sublimity. Coriolanus and Macbeth are also favourite personages with our tragedian, who has displayed the perfection of the histrionic art in their representation. Dignity of demeanour, and a voice admirably adapted to produce solemn tones, have rendered him distinguished in his profession. Many of our readers will probably feel the accuracy of our observations.

It cannot be expected that we should enter into an analysis of Mr. Kemble's talents, as the first actor of the present day. It would require a treatise to specify and illustrate the several characters in which he has shone with peculiar lustre. But we cannot quit this part of our subject, without remarking that our actor has particularly distinguished himself in the far-famed PIZARRO of Drury Lane! He sustains the character of *Rolla*, which combines some of the finest traits of

humanity. His exchange for *Alonzo* is highly impressive, and throws the tender feelings into a violent agitation. The speech also, which he makes to his brave associates respecting the threatened invasion of their liberties, must make an impression on every heart. In the highest tone of patriotism does he pronounce these words—"The throne WE honour is the *people's choice* —the laws WE reverence are our brave fathers' legacy —the faith WE follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with ALL mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave!"

Mr. Kemble has, on more occasions than one, become an author; and his pieces have been honoured with considerable approbation. *Belisarius*, a tragedy, and a poem called the *Palace of Mercy*, came from his pen. He has likewise altered some old plays in such a manner as to fit them for modern representation. A farce, entitled *Projects*, was his own production; and from Bickerstaff's comedy, *'Tis well it's no Worse*, he produced the *Pannel*. He also improved *Love in many Masks*, having made in it considerable alterations.

Mr. Kemble married the widow of the late Mr. Brereton, but we believe has no family. He is brother of the celebrated *Mrs. Siddons*, whom we hope soon to bring forward for the decoration of our MISCELLANY. The talents of this illustrious pair have excited a high degree of admiration!

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXIX.]

TABLE TALK.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

THE recent death of this amiable man and excellent poet must have excited emotions of regret in every lover of the muses. His talents were of the most respectable kind. All his pieces possess great originality. It is our intention therefore to gratify our readers by presenting them with a *series* of REFLECTORS on the subject. His poems were first published about the year 1785, in two volumes; and as they contain an uncommon variety of topics, the following motto from Virgil must be thought peculiarly appropriate:

> So water trembling in a polish'd vase,
> Reflects the beam that plays upon its face;
> The sportive light, uncertain where it falls,
> Now strikes the roof, now flashes on the walls!

At the head of the first volume of these delightful poems stands *Table Talk*, which we shall now proceed to investigate; then follow his *Progress of Error, Truth, Expostulation, Hope, Charity, Conversation*, and *Retirement*. These pieces shall be examined in succession, and will afford us no small portion of entertainment and instruction.

In the second volume is contained his very celebrated poem *The Task*, in six books. Its merits are well known, and most of his sketches are universally admired. But we begin with his *Table Talk*, in which we shall find many passages to please us.

Two persons, under the designations of A and B, converse together concerning the principle of public actions, particularly as they relate to the welfare or detriment

of our country. Hence a fine opportunity is afforded for the delineation of public characters; and here an uncommon originality is displayed. By the introduction of a few specimens, the design of the poem will be best understood, and the extracts will speak for themselves.

The first delineation is a *pair of portraits*, admirably contrasted with each other:

Let laurels, drench'd in pure Parnassian dews,
Reward his mem'ry, dear to ev'ry muse,
Who, with a courage of unshaken root,
In honour's field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that justice draws,
And will prevail or perish in her cause.
'Tis to the virtues of such men, man owes
His portion in the good that heaven bestows.
And, when recording history displays
Feats of renown, though wrought in ancient days;
Tells of a few stout hearts that fought and died
Where duty placed them, at their country's side;
The man that is not mov'd with what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.
But let eternal infamy pursue
The wretch to nought but his ambition true,
Who, for the sake of filling with one blast
The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste.
Think yourself station'd on a tow'ring rock,
To see a people scatter'd like a flock,
Some royal mastiff panting at their heels,
With all the savage thirst a tiger feels;
Then view him, self-proclaim'd in a gazette
Chief monster that has plagu'd the nations yet:
The globe and sceptre in such hands misplac'd,
Those ensigns of dominion, how disgrac'd!
The glass that bids man mark the fleeting hour,
And death's own scythe, would better speak his pow'r;
Then grace the bony phantom in their stead
With the king's shoulder-knot and gay cockade;

Clothe the twin brethren in each other's dress,
The same their occupation and success.

Next comes the province of the *kingly office*:

Oh! bright occasions of dispensing good,
How seldom used, how little understood!
To pour in virtue's lap her just reward,
Keep vice restrain'd behind a double guard;
To quell the faction that affronts the throne
By silent magnanimity alone;
To nurse with tender care the thriving arts,
Watch every beam philosophy imparts;
To give religion her unbridled scope,
Nor judge by statute a believer's hope;
With close fidelity and love unfeign'd,
To keep the matrimonial bond unstain'd;
Covetous only of a virtuous praise;
His life a lesson to the land he sways;
To touch the sword with conscientious awe,
Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw;
To sheath it in the peace-restoring close
With joy beyond what victory bestows;
Blest country, where these kingly glories shine!
Blest England, if this happiness be thine!

The Englishman and the Frenchman, under the ancient government, are thus happily pourtrayed—

Lib'ral in all things else, yet nature here
With stern severity deals out the year.
Winter invades the spring, and often pours
A chilling flood on summer's drooping flow'rs;
Unwelcome vapours quench autumnal beams,
Ungenial blasts attending, curl the streams;
The peasants urge their harvest, ply the fork
With double toil, and shiver at their work;
Thus with a rigour, for his good design'd,
She rears her fav'rite man of all mankind.
His form robust and of elastic tone,
Proportion'd well, half muscle and half bone,
Supplies with warm activity and force
A mind well lodg'd, and masculine of course.

Born in a climate softer far than our's,
Not form'd like us, with such Herculean pow'rs,
The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk,
Give him his lass, his fiddle, and his frisk,
Is always happy, reign whoever may,
And laughs the sense of mis'ry far away:
He drinks his simple bev'rage with a gust,
And, feasting on an onion and a crust;
We never feel th' alacrity and joy
With which he shouts and carols, *Vive le Roy*,
Fill'd with as much true merriment and glee,
As if he heard his king say—Slave, be free!

The following animated panegyric on *liberty*, is both rational and impressive:

Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
The mind attains, beneath her happy reign,
The growth that nature meant she should attain;
The varied fields of science, ever new,
Op'ning and wider op'ning on her view,
She ventures onward with a prosp'rous force,
While no base fear impedes her in her course:
Religion, richest favour of the skies,
Stands most reveal'd before the freeman's eyes;
No shades of superstition blot the day,
Liberty chases all that gloom away;
The soul, emancipated, unoppress'd,
Free to prove all things and hold fast the best,
Learns much; and, to a thousand list'ning minds,
Communicates with joy the good she finds:
Courage in arms, and ever prompt to show
His manly forehead to the fiercest foe;
Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,
His spirits rising as his toils increase,
Guards well what arts and industry have won,
And freedom claims him for her first-born son.
Slaves fight for what were better cast away—
The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway;
But they, that fight for freedom, undertake
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake:—

Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.
Oh liberty! the pris'ner's pleasing dream,
The poet's muse, his passion and his theme;
Genius is thine, and thou art fancy's nurse;
Lost without thee th' ennobling pow'rs of verse;
Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires:
Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if liberty be there;
And I will sing at liberty's dear feet;
In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

The subsequent allusion to himself, together with his animadversions on mechanical poetry, will please the reader of taste:

A. At Westminster, where little poets strive
To set a distich upon six and five,
Where discipline helps op'ning buds of sense,
And makes his pupils proud with silver-pence,
I was a poet too: but modern taste
Is so refin'd, and delicate, and chaste,
That verse, whatever fire the fancy warms,
Without a creamy smoothness has no charms.
Thus, all success depending on an ear,
And thinking I might purchase it too dear,
If sentiment were sacrific'd to sound,
And truth cut short to make a period round,
I judg'd a man of sense could scarce do worse
Than caper in the morris-dance of verse.
B. Thus reputation is a spur to wit,
And some wits flag through fear of losing it.
Give me the line that plows its stately course
Like a proud swan, conq'ring the stream by force;
That, like some cottage beauty, strikes the heart,
Quite unindebted to the tricks of art.
When labour and when dullness, club in hand,
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's, stand,
Beating alternately, in measur'd time,
The clock-work tintinabulum of rhime,

Exact and regular the sounds will be;
But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me.

Mr. Cowper has also given us a short *history of poetry*, which is finely drawn; though it be of some length, we cannot refrain from transcribing it:

In Eden, ere yet innocence of heart
Had faded, poetry was not an art;
Language, above all teaching, or, if taught,
Only by gratitude and glowing thought,
Elegant as simplicity, and warm
As ecstasy, unmanacled by form,
Not prompted, as in our degen'rate days,
By low ambition and the thirst of praise,
Was natural as is the flowing stream,
And yet magnificent—a God the theme!
That theme on earth exhausted, though above
'Tis found as everlasting as his love,
Man lavish'd all his thoughts on human things—
The feats of heroes, and the wrath of kings:
But still, while virtue kindled his delight,
The song was moral, and so far was right.
'Twas thus till luxury seduc'd the mind
To joys less innocent, as less refin'd;
Then genius danc'd a bacchanal; he crown'd
The brimming goblet, seiz'd the thyrsus, bound
His brows with ivy, rush'd into the field
Of wild imagination, and there reel'd,
The victim of his own lascivious fires,
And, dizzy with delight, profan'd the sacred wires.
Anacreon, Horace, play'd in Greece and Rome
This Bedlam part; and others nearer home.
When Cromwell fought for pow'r, and while he reign'd
The proud protector of the pow'r he gain'd,
Religion harsh, intolerant, austere,
Parent of manners like herself severe,
Drew a rough copy of the Christian face
Without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace;
The dark and sullen humour of the time
Judg'd ev'ry effort of the muse a crime;

Verse, in the finest mould of fancy cast,
Was lumber in an age so void of taste:
But, when the second Charles assum'd the sway,
And arts reviv'd beneath a softer day,
Then, like a bow long forc'd into a curve,
The mind, releas'd from too constrain'd a nerve,
Flew to its first position with a spring
That made the vaulted roofs of pleasure ring.
His court, the dissolute and hateful school
Of wantonness, where vice was taught by rule,
Swarm'd with a scribbling herd, as deep inlaid
With brutal lust as ever Circe made.
From these a long succession, in the rage
Of rank obscenity, debauch'd their age;
Nor ceas'd, till, ever anxious to redress
Th' abuses of her sacred charge, the press,
The muse instructed a well nurtur'd train
Of abler votaries to cleanse the stain,
And claim the palm for purity of song,
That lewdness had usurp'd and worn so long.
Then decent pleasantry and sterling sense,
That neither gave nor would endure offence,
Whipp'd out of sight, with satire just and keen,
The puppy pack that had defil'd the scene.
In front of these came Addison. In him
Humour in holiday and sightly trim,
Sublimity and attic taste, combin'd,
To polish, furnish, and delight the mind.
Then Pope, as harmony itself exact,
In verse well disciplin'd, complete, compact,
Gave virtue and morality a grace,
That, quite eclipsing pleasure's painted face,
Levied a tax of wonder and applause,
Ev'n on the fools that trampled on their laws.
But he (his musical finesse was such,
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch)
Made poetry a mere mechanic art;
And ev'ry warbler has his tune by heart.
Nature imparting her satiric gift,
Her serious mirth, to Arbuthnot and Swift,

With droll sobriety they rais'd a smile
At folly's cost, themselves unmov'd the while.
That constellation set, the world in vain
Must hope to look upon their like again!

We must now stop our hand, for there are other passages equally admirable and attractive. What we have here introduced will sufficiently shew, that the talents of our poet were not of the ordinary commonplace kind. We would indeed recommend to our young readers the committing to memory of these extracts; it would enrich their understandings and improve their hearts.

Mr. Cowper died Friday the 25th of April, at Deerham in Norfolk, in the 68th year of his age. We are proud of paying every token of respect to his memory. His exquisite talents were invariably applied in behalf of virtue and religion. Genius and taste claimed him for their own, and his works will be admired by a distant posterity!

In our *Review* for December last will be found a *Sketch of his Life*, together with some original pieces never before published. We therefore refer our readers to that number of our MISCELLANY.

GOSSIPIANA.

[No XL.]

A CURIOUS LOVE LETTER.

MADAM,

MOST worthy of estimation! After long consideration and much meditation on the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of this declaration I shall make preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station to profess my admiration; and if such oblation is worthy of observation,

and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandization beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation

Of yours

SANS DISSIMULATION.

April 1, 1800.

THE ANSWER.

SIR,

I perused your oration with much deliberation and a little consternation at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to shew such veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination and serious contemplation, I supposed your animation was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation to display your education by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication of words, of the same termination, though of great variation in each respective signification.

Now without disputation, your laborious application to so tedious an occupation deserves commemoration, and thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am, without hesitation,

Yours,

MARY MODERATION.

April 2, 1800.

THE LEAF OF THE PRINCESS

Is an elegant shrub, so called by the Malayes, because their ladies are fond of the grateful odour of its white leaves. It takes its generic name from its quality of opening its flowers at four in the evening, and closing them in the morning till the same hour returns, when they again expand in the evening at the same hour. Many people transplant them from the woods into their gardens, and use them as a *dial* or *clock*, especially in cloudy weather!

THE CORK LAD OF KENTMERE.

THERE lived at Troutbeck a man of amazing strength, whose name was Gilpin, commonly called the Cork Lad of Kentmere: I cannot tell much more about him than what I picked out of the church register, and some memoirs of William Birket, of Troutbeck. He lived in the time of Edward VI. His mother was a poor woman (some say a nun) and begged from house to house to support herself and son, and drew to a house upon an estate called Troutbeck Park, which had been forfeited to the crown, and of so little value that no notice was taken of it for some time. At last, being granted, the grantee went to take possession, but was prevented by this Cork lad, who was then just come to man's estate, quite uncivilized, and knew no law but strength: he was thereupon sent for to London, and by fair speeches and wiles got thither. During his stay, the king held a day, as he did many, for gymnastic amusements; this Cork lad observed the several combatants, but particularly the wrestlers; at last he mounted the stage (in his undyed dress which his mother had spun him) and threw the champion with ease, and did other feats, so that the king sent for him, and asked his name, where he came from, &c. He told the king, that himself could neither read nor write, therefore he could not well tell his own name, but folk commonly, says he, call me *the Cork lad at Kentmere* (which name he undoubtedly received from his corcousness, or corpulency). The king asked him what he lived upon? he said, *thick pottage, and milk that a mouse might walk upon dry shod, to his breakfast; and the sunny side of a wedder to his dinner, when he could get it.*

He requested only the cottage he lived in, the paddock behind it for peat, with liberty to cut wood in the

park; and died at the age of forty-two, unmarried, from the violent exertion of pulling up trees by the root.

ASIATIC PETITION.

THE following is a translation of a curious and affecting petition sent by the wife of Almas Ali Cawn, who some years since was put to death in India.

To the high and most mighty Servant of the most powerful Prince, George King of England, the lowly slave of Misery comes praying for Mercy to the Father of her Children.

MOST MIGHTY SIR,

May the blessings of thy God ever wait on thee, may the sun of glory shine round thy head, and may the gates of plenty, honour, and happiness, be always open unto thee and thine. May no sorrow distress thy days, may no strife disturb thy nights, may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheeks, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams; and when length of days makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes round the last sleep of human existence, may the angels of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction.

O hearken then to the voice of distress, and grant the petition of thy servant! O spare the father of my children, save the partner of my bed, my husband, my all that is dear. Consider, O mighty sir, that he did not become rich by iniquity, and that what he possessed was the inheritance of a long line of flourishing ancestors, who, in those smiling days, when the thunder of Great Britain was not heard on the fertile plains of Hindostan, reaped their harvests in quiet, and enjoyed their patrimony unmolested. Think, O think, that the God thou worshippest delights not in the blood of the innocent. Remember thy own commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," and by the order of heaven, give me

back my Almas Ali Cawn, and take all our wealth, strip us of all our precious stones, of all our gold and silver, but take not the life of my husband. Innocence is seated on his brow, and the milk of human kindness flows round his heart.

Let us wander through the deserts, let us become tillers and labourers in those delightful spots of which he was once lord and master! But spare, O mighty sir, spare his life! Let not the instrument of death be lifted up against him; for he has not committed any crime. Accept our treasures with gratitude, thou hast them at present by force; we will remember thee in our prayers, and forget that we were ever rich and powerful. My children, the children of Almas Ali, send up their petition for the life of him who gave them birth. They beseech from thee, the author of their existence, from that humanity which we have been told glows in the breast of European loveliness, By the tender mercies of enlightened souls of Englishmen, by the honour, the virtue, the honesty, and the maternal feelings of the great queen, whose offspring is so dear to her, the miserable wife of thy prisoner beseeches thee to save the life of her husband, and restore him to her arms.

Thy God will reward thee, thy country must thank thee, and she now petitioning will ever pray for thee, if thou grantest the prayer of thy

Humble vassal,

ALMASSA ALI CAWN.

COPY OF AN ADVERTISEMENT IN A DIURNAL PRINT, IN JUNE 1722.

CHALLENGE.

I ELIZABETH WILKINSON, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with *Hannah Hyfield*, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me on the stage, and box me for *three guineas*, each woman hold-

ing *half-a-crown* in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle.

ANSWER.

I HANNAH HYFIELD, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, *God willing*, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows, and from her no favour; she may expect a good thumping.

BELTS OF WAMPUM.

To assist their memory, the American Indians have *belts of small shells or beads* of different colours, each representing a particular object, which is marked by their colours and arrangement. At the conclusion of every subject on which they discourse when they treat with a foreign state, they deliver one of those *belts*; for if this ceremony be omitted, all that they have said passes for nothing. Those *belts* are carefully deposited in each town as the public records of the nation, and to them they occasionally have recourse, when any public contest happens with a neighbouring tribe. Of late, as the materials of which those *belts* are made have become scarce, they often give some skin in the place of the *wampum*, which is the name of the beads, and receive in return presents of a more valuable kind from our commissioners; for they never consider a treaty as of any weight, unless every article in it is ratified by such a gratification.

SINGULAR TRAIT.

MR. PENNANT tells us, in his History of Hindoostan, of an Indian monarch, that in giving audience to two ambassadors, whom he foresaw would weary him with *prolix harangues*, he cut the first short with this sensible remark—"*Be not tedious*," says he, "*life is short!*"

REPUBLIC OF JEWS.

A PART of Malabar, (says Mr. Pennant, in the same work) was distinguished for having been the residence of a republic of Jews, part of the tribe of *Manasseh*, who had been carried into captivity by *Nebuchadnezzar*, who sent numbers of them to this distant place. Their history says, that they amounted to 20,000, and that they were three years in travelling to this place, from the time of their setting out from *Babylon*. When they arrived, they were treated with great humanity by the natives, and allowed every indulgence in both religious and temporal concerns. In process of time they grew so wealthy as to purchase the little kingdom of *Cranganore*. Hamilton makes them increase to 80,000 families; but in his days they were reduced to 4,000. They established a commonwealth, and selected the two sons of one of the first families, eminent for their wisdom, to govern them jointly. One of them, instigated by ambition, murdered his brother, after which the commonwealth became a democracy, and their territory many centuries ago returned into the hands of the natives. Powerful as they were, they are at present very poor and few. Numbers of them had removed to Goa, where they were greatly encouraged by the Zamorin of the time. They have to this day a synagogue near the king's palace, at a small distance from Cochin, where are preserved their records, engraven on copper-plates in Hebrew characters; and when any of the characters decay, they are new cut, so that they can shew their history from the reign of *Nebuchadnezzar* to the present time. The Mæcenas of Malabar, *M. von Rheede*, caused these records to be translated into Low Dutch—the perusal would be very desirable.

SEPULCHRES.

MR. PENNANT speaks of a magnificent tomb, founded by *Fitz Ally*, as a family sepulchre. The centre building is covered with an elegant dome. He was like the founders of many of the Egyptian pyramids, disappointed of his hopes in both of his splendid piles. Both the monarchs of *Egypt* and the *Indian* prince built, as Job expresses it—*desolate places for themselves!*

THE UTILITY OF REPETITIONS.

AN old French writer, *the Abbe St. Pierre*, more remarkable for originality of thought than for the graces of style, was once reproached by a *friend* with the frequent *repetitions* which were to be found in his works. "Name them to me," said the author. The critic, with an obliging precision, mentioned all the ideas which had most frequently recurred in the book. "I am satisfied," replied the honest author, "you remember my ideas; I repeated them so often as to prevent you from forgetting them. Without my *repetitions* we should never have succeeded."

CURIOUS SYMPATHY.

NERO's love of sympathy made him anxious to be applauded on the stage as a fiddler and a buffoon. Tiberius banished one of his philosophical courtiers, and persecuted him till the unfortunate man laid violent hands upon himself, merely because he had discovered that the Emperor read books in the morning, to prepare himself with questions for his literary society at night. Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, sued in the most abject manner for an Olympic crown, and sent a critic to the gallies for finding fault with his verses. Had not these men a sufficient desire for the sympathy of their fellow creatures?

BUFFON,

NOTWITHSTANDING all his *benevolent* philosophy, can scarcely speak with patience of his enemies, the *field mice*, who, when he was trying experiments upon the culture of forest trees, tormented him perpetually by their insatiable love of acorns. "I was *terrified*," says he, "at the discovery of half a bushel, and often a whole bushel of acorns, in each of the holes inhabited by these little animals; they had collected these acorns for their winter provision." The philosopher gave orders immediately for the erection of great numbers of traps and snares, baited with broiled nuts; in less than three weeks nearly three hundred field-mice were killed or taken prisoners. Mankind are obliged to carry on a defensive war with the animal world. "Eat or be eaten," says Dr. Darwin, "is the great law of nature." It is fortunate however for us, that there are butchers by profession in the world, and rat-catchers and cats, otherwise our habits of benevolence and sympathy would be utterly destroyed.

THE

PHILOSOPHER AND THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

AN ESSAY.

OF all the subjects with which the human mind is conversant, none affords more exquisite pleasure, or, if properly treated, is attended with greater utility to mankind, than the study of nature. It is philosophy which refines and ennobles our feelings; which elevates our sentiments; and qualifies us to pass through life with the ease, dignity, and grace, which characterise the

man of letters. Society is much indebted, also, to the labours and industry of the man of business: it is to him we owe many of the advantages and conveniencies, no less than the necessaries of life. But, without farther introduction, I shall proceed to make some cursory remarks upon the subject; trusting I shall be read with that candour which will ever distinguish a discerning mind.

What advantages, it will be asked, does mankind derive from the study of philosophy, or of nature's laws? The views of the writer are too narrow and limited to take in this unbounded plain, and his talents, alas! too weak and feeble, to comprehend its vast extent. If, however, he shall be fortunate enough to point out, in a *few* instances, that the philosopher contributes more than the man of business, to the benefit of society, his views will be fully answered. He has only to remark farther, that the observations he shall make, are to be understood *solely* in a comparative sense; for far be it from the mind of the composer, to underrate the useful labours of the man of industry.

If we turn over with attention the pages of history, we shall find, that, in the earliest ages, the study of philosophy has been attended with the most beneficial consequences. A cloud of darkness and ignorance had long brooded over a benighted world, when the enlivening rays of philosophy dissipated the gloom. The nobler faculties of the soul, which in those barbarous and rude times lay dormant, were called forth, by the mild voice of philosophy, to action; were stimulated to heroism and magnanimity; and were powerfully exerted for the good of the country and of mankind. Man, it is evident, is distinguished from the irrational part of the creation, not more by his erect posture, than by the elegant and exalted faculties of his mind. And yet it is to the aid of philosophy, that these at length shone forth in all their admired lustre. While some nations

of the world, unenlightened by its congenial beams, lie, at this hour, in awful darkness; others, upon whom its benign rays have fallen, bless with gratitude the happy hour in which their eyes beheld its dazzling splendour.

It were almost needless to enumerate the many advantages which accrued to the states of Athens and of Sparta, from the famous institutions of a Solon and of a Lycurgus. The latter founded his laws on the sure bottom of philosophy, and on an intimate acquaintance with human nature. Sensible, thus, of the pernicious consequences with which luxury is always attended in a state, he pursued a plan the most effectual to retard its progress, by making *iron* the *medium* of exchange; so that it has been observed, and it is undoubtedly a curious fact, that had a debt equal to 20l. or 30l. sterling, been paid in Spartan money, it would have employed a wain with a yoke of oxen, to have transported it from one place to another. This is a circumstance, which, however trivial it may at first sight appear, marks in no small degree the philosophic wisdom and deep penetration of the Spartan legislator. When, however, the precious metals, silver and gold, got footing in Sparta, *luxury*, with its dire concomitants, *dissipation* and *vice*, invaded the state; and, forgetful of the celebrated, the salutary institutions of the wise Lycurgus, it felt its vigours relaxed, its strength exhausted, and its nerves unstrung. Its ruin by degrees approached, and this once stately and wonderous fabric soon hastened to its dissolution.

I avoid mentioning the philosophers of Rome, who stand next in fame to those of Greece. Suffice it to say, that when the thunder of their voice was heard in the *senate*, and when the sound principles of reason, dictated by philosophy, assailed the ears of the attentive Romans, they were no longer led by the nod or clamour of the noisy demagogue; they deserted the paths

of ignorance and superstition; and the sun of philosophy, in all its *splendour*, arose upon them; they rejoiced in its rays, and were gladdened by its cheering, its warming, its renovating influences.

But to come nearer *our own times*, and to avoid prolixity *: the advantages derived from *navigation* are too striking to require much illustration: it is to this art the man of business owes the *extensive* trade, which he carries on with foreign nations; and yet he has to thank the philosopher for *that* perfection to which it is *now* brought. The invention of the *mariner's compass* has, confessedly, been followed with the greatest utility to mankind: its beneficial consequences have been *long* felt: thousands of our fellow-creatures, if not of our fellow-citizens, who, in all probability, would have experienced the dreadful woes of *shipwreck* and *death*, in almost endless forms, have, by this most signal discovery, been wonderfully preserved from the "sea's devouring jaws."

Agriculture, too, stands much indebted to the man of science, for its present flourishing and improved state. If it be here said that we are obliged to the labour and industry of the husbandman, for the food with which we are supported; let it be also known and confessed, that we are no less obliged to the attention of the philosopher for the *invention* of the plough, the harrow, and the spade. The husbandman is, as it were, an instrument employed in the hand of the man of science, or set on work by his *superior* skill. The philosopher directs, the other only *follows* these directions.

It is philosophy, I would add, which teaches us to bridle our passions, and finally to overcome them. It is philosophy which fits us for becoming useful members of society.

* I here, for brevity's sake, pass by the names of the immortal Newton, Locke, &c.

It is philosophy which teaches us temperance and moderation; which enjoins us to divest ourselves of all the unsociable and selfish passions; to be forgetful of injuries; and, as far as in us lies, to be generous and obliging to all mankind. A celebrated poet, addressing himself to philosophy, has the following beautiful lines:

——"Serene philosophy!
Effusive source of evidence and truth!
Without thee, what were unenlightened man?
A savage, roaming thro' the woods and wilds
In quest of prey, and with th' unfashion'd fur
Rough clad; devoid of ev'ry finer art
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic, nor the heav'n-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dares the wint'ry pole.
——Taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or, like the lib'ral breath
Of potent heav'n, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along."

THOMSON'S SUMMER.

In a single word; it is philosophy which renders us happy in *ourselves*, agreeable to *others*, and useful to *all*.——But let us *now* turn our eyes, for a moment, to the man of business.

He, too, it must be allowed on all hands, may figure in his own line; and be useful in a certain degree. But he figures still within a narrow sphere; and his utility is, generally speaking, confined to the circle of his ac-

quaintance, of his neighbours, or of his friends. Often his influence extends no farther. But philosophy, like a little sun, scatters its salutary beams all around. The man of business, whom his fellow-citizens deservedly respect on account of his uprightness and integrity, may, in this view, hold in society his station with honour; but the philosopher, as a member of the community *at large*, possesses a seat from which his labours can be as extensive as they are incontestably beneficial. While, upon strict examination, we too often perceive the man of *haughty urbanity*, liberal, without possessing the *genuine* principles of benevolence; clothing the naked, because, perhaps, he can find no use for his coat, which does not *now* suit him; while we see him occasionally feeding the hungry from the superfluities of his *luxurious* table; the philosopher, from his generous feelings, and from the motive of universal charity, stretches forth his assisting hand to the necessities of the indigent, to the wants of all. While the name of the *former* is sometimes heard with applause in the circle of his admirers; the praises of the *latter*

"Thro' heav'n's high arches ring."

In fine, while the memory of the man of business is buried with himself, it will be *emphatically* said of the philosopher, "His name shall flourish in immortal youth!"

HUMILIS.

August, 1799.

REFLECTIONS ON THE RESURRECTION

OF A

PIOUS FAMILY FROM THE GRAVE,

AT THE LAST DAY*.

By the Rev. John Evans, A. M.

Domestic happiness—thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast surviv'd the fall!
Thou art the nurse of VIRTUE—in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destin'd to the *skies* again!

COWPER.

THE beautiful engraving of this subject cannot be contemplated without the most pleasing emotions. Never was the pencil more happily employed. The whole group may be pronounced sublimely impressive. Every countenance is filled with surprize—every feature distended with joy. The father, the mother, the children, at different ages, and even the hoary grandsire, are seen bursting the inclosure of the tomb, and rising to the transcendant honours of immortality!

The first reflection which this master-piece of art suggests to my mind—is the destination of MAN to the grave! Neither brilliancy of talents, nor the most distinguished virtues, can secure the possessor from the common lot of mortality. The scythe of time knows no distinction. Every sweep of his destructive implement mows down a class of beings, the fate of whom, however obscure their condition, must be felt through a certain circle of connections. For, miserable is the creature whose decease occasions no sigh, or awakens no

* That valuable and well known plate, which exhibits a *Pious Family rising from the Grave at the Last Day*, was designed by Dr. Peters, of Oxford. This gentleman was chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, and the figures there delineated were intended, it is said, to represent the Rutland family.

emotion of sympathy. So intimate are our mutual relations, that we touch each other on every side. The isolated bachelor has his collateral branches to affect, and his removal therefore not unfrequently produces some change in society. But alas! death is so frequent a visitant, that his ravages excite no astonishment. Deceived by our senses, and beguiled by our passions, we flatter ourselves with a protraction of life, even when the grave is yawning to receive us. The topic of mortality indeed has been so completely exhausted by moralists of every description, that I despair of being listened to on the subject. Must it however on this account be dropped? Are we henceforward to relinquish all concern for our latter end? In so momentous a cause, is it not highly reasonable that we should adopt the conduct of accountable beings? Our dissolution is indisputable. The seeds of death are within us—time only pushes them forward to maturity. Even the portraits, busts, and statues, with which we are surrounded, and on which we pride ourselves, proclaim awful lessons of our fragility. Whilst they decorate our apartments and afford irrefragable proofs of human ingenuity, they tell us that the originals, however admired for their talents or beloved for their virtues, are of short and uncertain duration!

The next reflection arising from the contemplation of this picture is the pleasing tenderness of social connections. The presentation of such a group of figures reminds us of the enjoyments which they had previously experienced in this world. The revival of the existence seems to be the renewal of former pleasures arising from the most vivid sensations. Indeed the nature of man is eminently social. The creation of Adam and Eve in Paradise shews that they were necessary to each other. Our felicity would have been imperfect without such an union of affection and interests. Milton accordingly has thus described them with his usual pro-

found knowledge of human nature, and has paid the following well known compliment to matrimonial felicity:

> Hail wedded love! mysterious law, true source
> Of human offspring—sole propriety
> In Paradise of all things common else.
> ——————— By thee,
> Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
> Relations dear, and all the charities
> Of Father, son, and brother, first were known.
> Perpetual fountain of *domestic* sweets!

Into this union we enter with delight, because it affords the amplest scope for pure and rational enjoyment. Behold a happy pair, whom affection first brought together, and whose attachment receives, from length of years, perpetual augmentation! Their little family rises around them in beautiful succession. With enlightened understandings and regulated tempers, they quit the parental roof, and enter on the bustling theatre of life with dignity. Apprised of the difficulties which attend a pious and virtuous course, they will pursue with moderation their worldly interests. Observing the excellent admonitions which they have received, they will soon ensure respectability, and become a blessing to the circle of their connections. Their parents, gratified by the sight, will find their toils rewarded—their best wishes gratified, and going down the declivity of life, will cheerfully make room for their children, destined by providence to succeed them. But in such a family, great must be the interchange of the kind affections! Tender will be the concern for each other's welfare, and ardent the aspirations after each others felicity. Joy and sorrow will affect, in an equal degree, all the members. Like a delicate web, the touching of one cord produces a vibration to the center. The same are their distresses, the same their enjoyments.

But it is impossible to indulge this reflection on the superior felicity of our social connections, without anticipating the proportionable degree of pain which must result from a separation. The breaches that are continually making in families, are of the most distressing kind:

> ——————*Each moment* plays
> His little weapon in the narrower sphere
> Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
> The fairest fruit of sublunary bliss!
>
> YOUNG.

To relinquish those tender pleasures which have long flown in an even and uninterrupted channel, is a task of no small difficulty. The first approaches of disease, therefore, alarm and terrify. Every mode of remedy that skill can dictate, or affection can suggest, is applied with unremitting assiduity. But when it is found that the foe refuses to be driven back, that he advances with rapid step to accomplish his fatal purpose, all the feelings of our nature are agonised, and the brain maddens to distraction. In some individuals this extreme distress can never be entirely banished from the breast; in others, through the lenient hand of time, it becomes mellowed into a tender and affectionate remembrance. Indeed, to close the eye sinking in death, and to take the last farewell of features that have so often beamed on us with an inexpressible tenderness, is a part scarcely to be performed by poor humanity! Yet to this task is it often called. Nor can we well refuse such an attention to the last moments of a beloved relative or faithful friend. To desert them at such a crisis would only prove an aggravation of their distress. Upon reflection such a conduct would not be capable of justification. On the departure of those we love, we not unfrequently console ourselves with the recollection, that we did our utmost to smooth the dying pillow—that we exerted every nerve to soften their dismissal into

another state of being. The stroke could not be warded off, but the violence of the blow might be deadened, and in some cases annihilated. The pains of a dying chamber receive a powerful alleviation from the operation of sympathy.

Be my last reflection—how glorious is the prospect afforded us by revelation, of being raised from the dead, and of our associating together in a superior state of being! Without this assurance we are involved in midnight darkness. Cicero, the most enlightened character among the Romans, appears on this subject to have wavered with a dreadful uncertainty. His belief of a future state seems to have been materially affected by the elevation and depression of his spirits. In some of his writings he speaks with a degree of confidence on the article of immortality; in other treatises he renounces his hope, and supposes the grave to swallow up his entire being. The believer in revelation experiences no such violent alternatives. Assured of his Master's resurrection from the dead on the third day, he is equally assured that Jesus is become the first fruits of them that slept! Fixed in this persuasion, it is his pole star, which, always in view, animates his hopes and invigorates his expectations. With this truth in reserve, he can reconcile every difficulty, bear every distress, and rise superior to the temptations by which he may be environed. The world to come concentrates his views, and *there* will his best wishes receive their consummation. But the re-union of relatives and friends form the most brilliant part of this prospect. This consideration heightens its colouring and imparts an additional beauty. As in yonder engraving, the feature will be revived and the countenance restored in exquisite perfection. The eye will neither be dimmed by age, nor the brow wrinkled with sorrow. Surprise and joy at their own recovered existence, and at the recognition of each other, will constitute the prominent traits of their physiognomy. They will hail each

other with inconceivable gratulations. Artists usually flatter in their representations; here their utmost efforts fall infinitely below their sublime and incomparable originals! The perfection of soul and of body exceeds our most elevated conceptions. In the contemplation of so grand a theme, the energies of our minds are arrested by the operation of a silent and profound astonishment.

The doctrine of a *future state of being* exerts a most soothing influence, even in cases where families have sustained the severest mutilation. The late Dr. James Fordyce had a brother of singular talents and virtues, who, in his return from the universities of Holland, lost his life by shipwreck. A more lamentable catastrophe could have scarcely occurred. He, however, in his *Address to the Deity, on the Contemplation of the Sea,* speaks of this sore breach with a calm and sublime dignity. His expressions glow with the ardour of his subject.

" Roll on ye destined ages! till the plans of Providence are all fulfilled. At length the morning of the resurrection will dawn, when the sea shall give up its prey, and the dead shall rise incorruptible. Happy period! Consummation most devoutly to be wished! Then shall I meet in perfect glory a much loved and long lamented brother, the stay of his father's house, the comfort of his widowed mother, my counsellor and example in youth, of whom the devouring waves were permitted to bereave us at the instant that we were rejoicing in hope to welcome his return from foreign lands, full of honour and rich in accumulated treasures of learning, eloquence, and wisdom. So it seemed good in thy sight unerring ruler! *Clouds and darkness are round about thee, but righteousness and judgment are the habitation of thy throne.* That inestimable man was *taken from the evil to come.* By an end which ignorance or impatience would have deemed untimely, of what public disasters and private sorrows

did he not escape the pain of partaking! With what congratulations would his venerable ancestors, and a bright circle of seraphic spirits, hail his enlightened and benevolent soul on gaining so early the shore of immortality!"

Dr. Richard Price published a dissertation, entitled, *The Junction of Virtuous Men in the Heavenly State.* He has endeavoured to show, both from reason and revelation, that relatives and friends shall know each other in a future state, and that uniting there, they shall never be again separated. The subject is discussed in a masterly manner, and imparts to the sensible mind the most refined satisfaction. I shall therefore close by indulging myself in an extract of some length; for the illustration of such a topic gratifies in no inconsiderable degree the best feelings of humanity.

"For *men* to meet *men* in the heavenly society; for beings to join one another hereafter who have begun their existence on the same planet, felt the same fears, and undergone the same discipline, must be the cause of pleasure. What then will it be for *friends* to meet *friends,* and *kindred* to meet *kindred?* What will it be, after obtaining a complete conquest over death, to be restored to those who are now dear to us as our own souls, and to whose example and instructions we are, perhaps, indebted for the highest blessings? With what delight will the pious parent meet his children, the husband the wife, and the master his family? How will many good men, now of opposite sentiments, rejoice to see one another in bliss, and to find those errors corrected, and those silly prejudices removed, which here keep them at a distance from one another? How will the faithful clergyman rejoice with those of his flock who have profited by his labours, and whom he has been the means of reclaiming from vice, or improving in goodness? What congratulations and mutual welcomings may we suppose will then take place between all virtuous friends? How agreeable will it be to re-

view together the conversations which they have with one another in this state of darkness, and to recollect and compare the scenes they now pass through, the doubts that now perplex them, the different parts they now act, and the different temptations and trials with which they struggle? Are such views and reflections all visionary? Surely they are not. If there is indeed to be that future junction of the worthy among mankind, which I have pleaded for, they are sufficiently warranted, and must offer themselves to every considerate mind.

"One of the particulars that most requires our notice here is, that our *friends* will then have lost their present weaknesses. They will not then be such frail and helpless beings as we now see them. They will not be liable to be ensnared by temptations, or ruffled by unreasonable passions. They will not be hasty in their judgments, capricious in their tempers, or narrow in their opinions. Every wrong bias will be taken from their wills, and the imperfections which now render them less amiable, will be removed. Our hearts shall never more ache for their troubles, or feel anguish on their account. They will be past all storms, cured of all follies, and eased of all pains. They will appear in finished dignity and honour, after the education and discipline of this world, and be endowed with every excellence which we can wish them to have. What pleasure will it give to meet them in these circumstances! How delightful will be our intercourse with them, when they, together with ourselves, shall be thus changed and improved!

The dark and dreary grave, therefore, has now nothing in it that should make it appear terrible. To virtuous men it is no more than a bed of rest till the morning of a joyful resurrection! We have, as Christians, something better to support us under the anguish produced by the death of friends, than the cold alter-

native of the ancient philosophers, that either they are happy or returned to the state they were in before they were born. We may exult in the expectation of finding them again, and of renewing our friendship with them in a better country. The worst that death can do, is to cause a short interruption in our intercourse with them, or to remove them from our sight for a moment. We shall soon follow them, be raised up with them to a new life, and take possession with them of an *inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.* Such are the hopes which the blessed gospel gives, and well may they elevate our minds above these scenes of mortality, dry up our tears in every season of sorrow, and inspire us always *with joy unspeakable and full of glory.*"

Pullin's Row, Islington,
May 9th, 1800.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

WE would fain believe that the whole of General Washington's will has been perused by no man without some portion of that calm and pleasureable elevation which uniformly leaves us better and wiser beings. It would have been deeply interesting, considered only as the last deliberate act of a life so beneficial to the human race; but independently of this sublime association, it is in itself an affecting and most instructive composition. Like all the former manifestations of his character, it gives proof that a true and solid greatness may exist, and make itself felt, without any admixture of wildness, without any obtrusive appeals to the imagination: it gives proof, consolatory and inspiriting proof, how many virtues, too often deemed incompatible with each other, a thinking and upright mind may unite in

itself. It were scarcely too much to affirm of this will, that all the main elements of public and private morals, of civil and domestic wisdom, are conveyed in it either directly or by implication. It is, indeed, no less than an abstract of his opinions and feelings, as a *patriot*, *friend*, and *relation*; and all arising naturally and unostentatiously out of the final disposal of a fortune not more honourably earned than beneficently employed. Appertaining to his character, as the American *patriot*, more exclusively than the other pages of his will, is the plan and endowment of a *central university*. The motives which impelled the General to this bequest, he has stated, with such beauty and precision, as scarcely leave any thing for the philosopher or the eulogist to add. We can only subjoin to the advantages so ably enumerated, that such an institution must be eminently serviceable to America, as having a direct tendency to soften and liberalise the too great commercial spirit of that country, in as far as it will connect the pleasures and ambition of its wealthier citizens, in the most impressible period of life, with objects abstract and unworldly; and that while by friendships and literary emulations it may remove local jealousies, it will tend to decorate the American character with an ornament hitherto wanting in it, viz. genuine local attachments, unconnected with pecuniary interests.

Of a mixed nature, partly belonging to the patriot, and partly to the master of a family, is the humane, earnest, and solemn wish concerning the emancipation of the slaves on his estate. It explains, with infinite delicacy and manly sensibility, the true cause of his not having emancipated them in his life time; and should operate as a caution against those petty libellers, who interpret the whole of a character by a part, instead of interpreting a part by the whole. We feel ourselves at a loss which most to admire in this interesting paragraph, the deep and weighty feeling of the general principle of universal liberty; or the wise veneration of

those fixed laws in society, without which that universal liberty must for ever remain impossible, and which, therefore, must be obeyed even in those cases, where they *suspend* the action of that general principle; or, lastly, the affectionate attention to the particular feelings of the slaves themselves, with the ample provision for the aged and infirm. Washington was no "architect of ruin!"

In the bequests to his friends, the composition evidences the peculiar delicacy and correctness of his mind. The high value which he attached to his old friend, Dr. Franklin's legacy of the gold-headed cane, by bequeathing it, and it alone, to his brother, Charles Washington; the spy-glasses, left, with the modest parenthesis, "because they will be useful to them where they live;" yet not without stamping the value on those precious relicts, as having been useful to himself in the deliverance of his country; the wisdom of remitting the box to Lord Buchan, with the gentle implication of the impracticability and impropriety of performing the conditions, with which the box had been originally accompanied; that reverence for the primary designation of a gift, implied in the words "agreeably to the original design of the Goldsmiths' Company of Edinburgh," and which words were besides necessary, in order to prevent the interpretation, that he had remitted it from inability to find any man in his own country equally deserving of it with the Earl; the bequest of the bible, and of the swords, the first without annotation, the last with the solemnity of a Christian hero; all and each of these we have dwelt upon, as evidences of a mind strong and healthful, yet with a fineness and rapidity of the associating power, seldom found even in those who derive sensibility from nervous disease. The gratitude, the deep and immortal gratitude, displayed in the declaration of the motives of his bequest to his nephew, Bushrod Washington, is of a still higher class of excellence; and the virtue is individualised, and has a

new interest given it, by his attention to the very letter of an old promise, no longer in force. The accuracy with which the estates are marked out, will aid the distant posterity of the present Americans, in their reverential pilgrimages to the seat of their great *Pater Patriæ*. The attachment which he has shewn to all his relations, the provisions he has made for them all, and the attention to honourable causes of local preferment in these provisions, are circumstances highly noticeable. Highly noticeable too in the disjunction of this family attachment from that desire of the aggrandizement of some one branch of the family, so commonly adherent to it. He has weakened by evidence, the best and almost the only argument for primogeniture, *in new countries*. One fact strikes us particularly in the perusal of this will. Of all Washington's numerous relations, not one appears as a placeman or beneficiary of the government, not one appears to have received any thing from their kinsman as President and influencer of the United States, yet all have evidences of the zeal and affection of the President, as their kinsman. *It is not so every where.* There is something in the arrangement of the will, beyond any example, which we recollect, instructive and judicious. He commences with a positive or perfect duty, the payment of debts; then goes immediately to the most respectful and affectionate attention to his wife, which becomes more intellectual, more moral, from the circumstances, which he after notices, of his having remained without issue; he proceeds to his concerns as master of his family, and provides for the emancipation of his slaves; and having finished his most immediate and *most* sacred offices, viz. the domestic duties, he rises, *then*, and *not till then*, into the *patriot*, and founds a central university! After his own family comes his country, and then his relations by consanguinity not of his own family—after these his friends, and all those whom fellowship in arms, or old acquaintance, had endeared to

him; and last of all, he proceeds to the circumstantial disposal of his estate. Throughout the whole, there reigns a *humaneness* of feeling, a complete union of himself with the mass of his fellow-citizens, so as even to avoid references to any public characters in that country; and above all, an ardent wish for improvement, combined with reverential observance, and affectionate awe for present and existing customs and feelings. But *Washington* was too great a man to court singularity. The dwarf, that steps aside from the crowd, and walks by himself, may gain the whole crowd to turn and stare at him—*Washington* could attract their admiration while he moved on with them, and in the midst of them!

A.

KOTZEBUE's ACCOUNT

OF THE

ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

FROM HIS FLIGHT TO PARIS.

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1790.

WHEN my ill state of health drove me again to Pyrmont last summer, to drink of its salutary spring, my beloved wife, being then in the fifth month of her pregnancy, remained at home. Every letter I received from her, and we commonly exchanged three or four letters in the week, brought the most pleasing accounts of her health, and the assurance that she had no wish but for my return. How ardently I participated in this wish may be easily imagined! I, therefore, eagerly embraced the first moment when it was possible to escape from the medicinal yoke, and flew to her arms. This was in the beginning of September.

Our first interview was at Gotha. She came thither to meet me. My transport at beholding her, our first

embrace, the heart-felt joy with which I contemplated her blooming cheeks manifesting pure health and content, the animation that sparkled from her eyes—how present are all these ideas to my imagination! How does my fancy love to dwell upon the enchanting images! Fain would my pen describe them in equally glowing colours!—But words are unequal to the task! Yet every one who has a heart can imagine them all.

Two months more passed on. I saw, without alarm, the moment approach when I was to be presented with a new pledge of our love, since no reason for alarm then appeared. I did all that lay in my power to prevent danger: I persuaded my Frederica to take a walk with me almost every day, in the beautiful park at Weimar, which was indeed her favourite resort. How have we strolled about there arm in arm, in sweet conversation, building castles in the air, forming conjectures on the future, reviewing the past, and enjoying the present! Sometimes talking of our absent friends, amusing ourselves with speculations on what they might be about at that moment, what, and when, they would write to us, or where, and when, we should see them again.

In the little hut made of the bark of trees, or at the waterfall, or upon the hill, or by the three pillars, or where we look over the meadows in the valley as upon a stage—have we often stood or sat, contemplating the varied beauties around us. Oh, may the sweetest, the most refreshing dew, fall upon ye every morning, ye trees and flowers, for you were witnesses of my happiness! Ever mayest thou flourish and look gay, thou verdant turf, for thou hast been pressed by the footsteps of my beloved wife! How would she laugh when our William would sometimes stand upon his head, and set the little dog barking with comic eagerness at so unusual a sight? Never, never, will a happier couple enjoy thy charms, thou lovely spot!

Often, too, have we visited Belvedere, and Tieffurth, country-seats near Weimar. There did we sit under a tree, and regale upon new milk, while my Frederica rejoiced at finding the weather still so warm in the country, that although in the month of October, we could remain out in the air, whereas at home we were creeping to the fire. These little excursions were always so pleasant to her, that in every the most minute incident she found a source of delight.

About a month before her confinement, she accompanied me to Leipsick fair. She was on that day uncommonly cheerful and animated, and at our return home assured me, that she never in her life enjoyed any thing of the kind more highly. Oh, what greater delight can the world afford than to have contributed to the enjoyment of her whom we love!

Thus, amid a constant reciprocation of pure and innocent happiness, did the hours pass on, till the moment approached of which neither of us entertained the least apprehension. My Frederica had always enjoyed uninterrupted health, her only medicine was strawberries, and never since our abode at Weimar had the apothecary been enriched by her to the amount of a single *dreyer*.

At length, on the eleventh of November, she was safely and happily delivered of a daughter. For the first three days she was remarkably well, was all life and animation, laughing and assuring us that a lying-in was a mere joke. Never, she said, had she been so well; never, in the first three days, felt a like appetite, or like freedom from pain. In short, every thing seemed to promise her speedy recovery, and the little cloud which must at such a period inevitably for a moment darken the horizon, seemed entirely dispersed. Such was her own opinion, as well as that of all around her. Ah! was there then on earth a mortal happier than I! The whole creation seemed mine, and I its so-

vereign! Who could suppose that these were to be the last happy days of my life?

On the fourteenth she was somewhat indisposed. We believed this to be a matter of no consequence, only occasioned by the milk, and were satisfied nature relieves herself in various ways. On the fifteenth she again appeared quite well. Still do I see her, when, after having spent a very uneasy night with the idea of her indisposition, at five o'clock in the morning I stole softly into her chamber, and crept to the side of her bed, full of anxiety to learn some tidings of her. She stretched out her arms to me, and raising herself up, assured me that she was then perfectly free from complaint. Oh blessed assurance! once more my mind was in a state of composure. I afterwards read to her a scene of a drama I was writing, for I always made her unsophisticated feelings the test by which I proved the real merit or demerit of my works. What did not draw a tear from her eyes, I blotted out. Alas! to whose feelings can I refer in future!—My tutelar genius has forsaken me!—my fire is extinguished!

She listened to me on this morning with her accustomed attention and pleasure, she gave her opinion upon the work as usual, her mind never appeared more clear or acute. Never! Oh, never will the piece, of which this scene was a part, be finished! I should start back with horror were the fatal pages ever again to fall into my hands! The bare idea of adding another line to them gives me a feeling of criminality. I could not for all the treasures this world affords, endure to hear that part repeated which I read to her. The recollection of her nod of approbation as I proceeded, would harrow up my soul! for, oh! it was the last approving nod I ever can receive from her.

On the sixteenth she began to complain of excessive faintness, and from this day her situation constantly grew more alarming. I became extremely anxious about her, and called in the advice of my old university friend

the chief physician Hufeland, in aid of Mr. Buchholz, who had hitherto been our sole attendant. The disorder rapidly increased, her fever grew hourly higher, and she was at times delirious. Three days, which to me seemed like an eternity, thus passed on, when my anxiety became intolerable.

On the twentieth, I hastened early in the morning to Jena, to call in the assistance of the celebrated Dr. Starke, who was my intimate friend, and of whose medical skill I had the highest opinion. Thus I thought nothing would be neglected on my part to save a life so dear—and this reflection has been my sole source of consolation in the midst of my despair at her loss. Heaven only knows what I suffered on this expedition. My fancy could not forbear to dwell on the most dreadful images which, though then merely ideal, were, alas! but too soon to be realized.

My friend was so good as to return with me immediately, and I was back again at Weimar, accompanied by him, within five hours from my departure. He found my Frederica very ill, but yet did not think her case by any means hopeless, and I once more began to breathe freely. Cathartics and diaphoretics were administered. She was become from delirium very peevish and obstinate, nor would take any thing but from my hands. Oh, with what trembling hands did I reach her the glass with the medicine, but she kissed me when she had taken it, and my soul could not but find some consolation in this testimony, that amid the frowardness of disease, and wanderings of distraction, her affection for me remained pure and undiminished as ever!

On this day, my drama of *Misanthropy and Repentance* was performed. I mention this circumstance only to introduce an anecdote, which, even amid the anguish I then endured, gave me a sensation of pleasure. About eighty of the students at Jena came over to see the play. It was the usual custom of these young

men, upon such occasions, after having attended the theatre, to have a jolly supper together somewhere, and about midnight to return home, not without much noise, and hallooing and clapping, all which we used to hear in full perfection, as their route lay through the street where I lived. On this night alone, not a single carriage or horse passed my house, the whole party went quietly out of town by some other road, that they might not disturb my suffering wife. I mentioned this circumstance to her in the morning—she seemed pleased with the attention, and I take this opportunity of publicly returning my grateful acknowledgment to the gentlemen for it.

On the twenty-first and twenty-second, my Frederica continued much the same. I sent an express both mornings to Dr. Starke, with an account of the situation of his patient. I scarcely ever quitted her bedside, and experienced some satisfaction at finding that she did not in general appear to have any apprehension of danger. Once only as I embraced her, and laid my cheek to hers, not being able to restrain my tears, she seemed for a moment to be struck with a degree of anxious solicitude. This, however, soon vanished again, as I wiped my eyes, and endeavoured to resume a countenance of hope and serenity. Indeed, her delirium was commonly so strong, that it was impossible for her to be sensible of her situation.

On the twenty-third, she was easier and better. This gave me very flattering hopes. I went to bed much more composed, and, for the first time since her illness, had some quiet sleep. But the next morning, about half past four, I was awakened by the maid, with the dreadful intelligence that her mistress was much worse. Oh God! with what horrible feelings did I spring out of bed, and hasten to her room! I found her extremely uneasy. She complained of excessive pain at her heart, in her breast, in her back, and particularly in her right side about the lungs. She breathed very short, and

her cheeks were extremely flushed. For some days, I had observed this symptom with great anxiety, but the day before had been much consoled about it.

I trembled so that I could scarcely stand, for I thought her almost at her last hour, and knew not what was to be done. The nurse and maid were the only people in the room with me. The latter I dispatched to Mr. Buchholz, who was so good as to come immediately, and soon after came my mother and Madame Musæus, the widow of my excellent friend the professor. We rubbed the body of the poor sufferer all over with flannel, particularly those parts where she complained most of pain. She found this a considerable relief, the pain abated, and she assured us she was much easier.

Oh how was my heart, in these anxious hours, tossed about between hopes and fears! Yet so horrible to me was the idea of the irreparable loss I was about to sustain, that how much soever appearances threatened that event, I could not persuade myself that it was possible it should take place. A still, small voice, seemed continually to whisper in my ear, this cannot be!—the affliction were too great to be endured!—fate cannot inflict upon thee so severe a misfortune!—She may deprive thee of thy children, of thy property, but assuredly she will spare thy wife! Ah that I could but have trafficked thus with fate!—could thus have purchased from death his devoted victim!

The physician hoped that the alarming symptoms which had appeared, preceded only the breaking out of an eruption. How did I watch my beloved wife every moment, to examine if nothing of this kind was to be perceived; when, about noon, after repeated disappointments, some spots at last appeared. My transport was inexpressible. I ran immediately to both physicians with the happy tidings, and wept like a child. They shared in my joyful hopes, and conjured me, for God's sake, upon no consideration to let her be taken

out of bed. Hitherto she had frequently got up to have her bed made, and however we sometimes wished her not to be disturbed, she was so extremely desirous of it, that it was scarcely possible to put it off. I now therefore never stirred from her room, since her love for me was so much more powerful than her disease, that when I tenderly intreated, she even gave this up. At night, I laid down in the room with my clothes on; when Madame Musæus, who, upon this melancholy occasion proved herself a most sincere friend, promised faithfully, that if she appeared the least uneasy, I should be instantly awakened.

At five o'clock I arose. I received the joyful information, that my poor Frederica had passed a quiet night, and I found her easy when I went to her bedside, and kissed her as usual. This much increased my flattering hopes.

Since she appeared so well, Madame Musæus went home early, and I lighted my morning pipe, and retired for a short time to another room, that I might not disturb my wife with the fumes of my tobacco. I had not been there long, before the maid came to me half breathless, and pale with horror, bringing a handkerchief all over blood, which my Frederica had thrown up. What a new source of alarm and anguish! I hastened to her, and found her with a short cough and spitting blood. I ran with all possible speed to the physician, he ordered her a composing draught, which I gave her; the cough soon abated, and she began to doze.

My strength was almost exhausted. The morning sun shone on the opposite houses, the air was warm, the heavens serene. I resolved to avail myself of my wife's being asleep to breathe a little fresh air. I turned my steps towards Belvedere. Were I to describe all my thoughts, my feelings, my prayers, my hopes, my fears, upon this walk, they would fill a large

volume of themselves. Is it not a strong argument in favour of the immortality of the soul, that our thoughts and feelings are not confined by time? That they pass with such rapidity, that a single moment suffices to revolve in idea what would occupy years in action? That no man can say such and such a portion of thoughts shall pass in my mind in such a number of minutes, but that the acts of ages are involuntarily compressed together in one momentary perception, and yet appear as clear to the mind as though every object, every circumstance, were embodied before the eyes? What then can be this principle, that requires neither space nor time for its operations, yet works so all comprehensively within us? Can it be ought but spirit?

Powerful are the charms of nature. Even on this awful day her enchantments for a moment engrossed my senses, and lulled my anguish to rest. The warm serene sunshine assimilating itself with what it found congenial in my bosom, some rays of reviving hope, they for a while, by their combined power, suppressed the tumults that raged there. "*Ah!*" I suddenly exclaimed aloud, "*all will yet be well!!!*" Fancy supported this blessed idea, and raised within me a crowd of transporting images. I saw the bloom of health once more spread itself over the cheeks of my beloved Frederica. I saw her walking up and down the room, somewhat weak indeed, but supported by my arm, apprehensive of no farther danger. I sought out for her the best old Rhenish wine that could be procured, omitted nothing that might contribute to her entire restoration, and when this anxiously desired object was finally attained, I thought of solemnizing a little festival to commemorate the blessed event. My eldest boy I determined should learn a poem by heart, two orphan children should be clothed, and a circle of select friends invited. After dinner, as we were sitting round the table, a band of music should strike up in the next

room, *Lord God, we praise thee!* When we, filling our glasses, and raising them up towards heaven, I, with my other hand round the neck of my beloved wife, would sing in chorus, *Lord God, we praise thee!*

Oh flattering fancy! For one moment didst thou here make me happy! It was a drop of cordial to enable me to struggle with new sorrow!

Amid these musings, I insensibly reached the Castle of Belvedere, about half an hour's walk from Weimar. I bought a nosegay for my wife, and a rose-bush in a pot, for she was always very fond of flowers. The nosegay I carried home myself. I reached my house about half past one, when I found my Frederica still asleep, nor had she coughed during the whole time of my absence. About two o'clock she awoke: I gave her the flowers: she seemed pleased with them, but it was only a momentary pleasure, she soon relapsed into her accustomed indifference to every thing. The eruption meanwhile continued, and this kept my hopes still alive. But in the afternoon the cough and spitting of blood returned, and continued for a long time. In the evening it abated, yet she breathed very short, and scarcely knew any body. Leeches were applied below her right breast, but she did not appear to feel them. The rose-bush I had bought in the morning was brought in, and placed by her bedside, but she paid no attention to it. I am silent as to my own situation, it may be conceived, it cannot be described.

About ten o'clock she seemed to be in the last agonies. Her throat rattled, her eyes were fixed, and the physician, as well as myself, thought there was every symptom of approaching death. My friends intreated me not to stay, and see her die; and reminded me, that I owed to our children the preservation of my life and senses. I was so stupified, that I knew not what I did. I took leave of my wife, who neither heard or saw me. Only for one moment, when I threw myself

upon her, and pressed my burning lips to hers, did she seem in some degree sensible, and returned my kiss very faintly. This token of her love gave me the sudden relief of tears, they streamed down my cheeks: I kissed her again and again, and rushed out of the room, in the fatal conviction that these were the last kisses I ever should give this beloved wife.

I was solicited to leave the house, but while any hopes of her life remained that was impossible. I threw myself upon a bed in another apartment, where I continued in a state of mind little short of distraction. My mother remained in the room with my Frederica.

How shall I describe this long and miserable night! Every moment I expected to receive the last fatal tidings. As often as I heard the door of my poor wife's chamber open, my heart was ready to beat through my breast, and all my limbs shook—I expected it to be the messenger of death. About midnight, I heard the sound of coffee grinding in the kitchen. Oh God! this seemed an assurance that all was over, that those who were watching with her had no other object of attention remaining but themselves.

A thousand times had I resolved to go and satisfy myself upon this dreadful subject, but anguish held me back, the idea of seeing her corpse, the corpse of my Frederica, was perfect agony. Still, still, I thought, a ray of hope remains in my bosom, shall I deprive myself of that by rushing on a dreadful certainty? Amid these horrid reflections, I continued tossing on the bed, experiencing torments not to be exceeded by those of hell. No! the sensations of a criminal whom the following morning is to lead to execution, cannot be half so dreadful.

Yet one more transient interval of hope was in store for me. Sometimes the lamp in my room appeared nearly extinguished, and then again quickly burned bright and clear. This seemed a type of human life, and I thought that my beloved wife might revive again as the flame of the lamp.

Four o'clock had just struck, when I heard the door of the sick chamber open, and my mother's footsteps approaching mine. My senses were nearly gone: I could hear my heart beat: I looked wildly at her as she entered—"*She is still alive,*" were the first words she spoke. What a balsam were they to my wounded soul! I burst into a shower of heart relieving tears. I had no power of speech, I could not ask a single question, but my mother told me, with a countenance of consolation, that immediately after midnight, the dreadful situation in which I had left my wife began to amend, she became easy, and had not coughed since; she now knew every body, and had asked several times for me. With one spring I was in her arms. Oh God, what a blessed change! She knew me, she smiled, she returned my kisses, and said sweetly, *I can kiss thee now joyfully: awhile ago it was painful to me!*—She was perfectly rational, and assured me she found herself better. I brought her the rose-bush, she seemed highly delighted, and even reached out her head to smell to it.

My transport was unbounded, and I inwardly thanked God for his mercy with an ardour seldom perhaps experienced. I considered my wife as saved. I thought within myself whatever has ascended to the utmost height it can reach, must inevitably fall again. My Frederica's disorder had last night reached that summit, and now is in its descent. I waited with impatience the dawning of day, when I hastened to the physician, who was astonished beyond measure to hear me say, *My wife is still alive.* He recounted over all the symptoms of approaching death that had appeared the preceding evening; and since these had subsided, he ventured to hope with me, that the crisis was past, and she might yet be restored.

He ordered her some medicines, with which I will own I was not satisfied, since I could not help apprehending that there was great danger of the exertion

of taking them bringing on again the cough and spitting of blood. But since they were recommended by both physicians, and I had great respect for their judgment, I yielded my own opinion, and had them prepared. But alas! what I had feared actually ensued: she immediately began again to cough. I hastened once more to the physicians, though with much less sanguine feelings than before, and told them what had happened, when they desired that all attempts at medicine might be relinquished.

Alas! never shall I be able to banish the dreadful idea, that had she been suffered to remain quiet that morning, and not been disturbed in this way, her youth and excellent constitution might at length have worn out her disease. Yet let it not be thought that I mean to cast a reflection upon our two worthy physicians. I am confident, that they were scarcely less anxious than myself, to save a life so dear to us all; and I doubt not were actuated by the fear of omitting any thing at so important a moment, that had the remotest chance of proving beneficial. But when a house is burnt down, people are very apt to say, that a pail of water thrown earlier on this or that spot, might have saved the whole edifice. The world must not be severe with a man under misfortune.

I sent once more to Jena, to beg my friend Dr. Starke's attendance. I charged the servant to make the utmost possible haste, and to return instantly with the Doctor. The honest fellow, who loved his mistress sincerely, and who, indeed, did not love her? was gone no more than three hours and a half. He brought me a note from Dr. Starke, with a promise that he would be with me himself in the afternoon.

It was now noon. Exhausted with fatigue and anguish, I had lain down on the sopha, and endeavoured to sleep; but when I heard the sound of the horse galloping along the street, I sprang up, and hastened with the note into the sick chamber. There I found the same symptoms of approaching death as the even-

ing before, the same rattling in the throat, the same fixed glare of the eyes, and the same despair in the countenances of all the attendants. The looks of the physician, too, plainly confessed that his art could do no more for her.

Ah! he could not!—and God would not!—Why he thus tore asunder one of the happiest couples that ever were united!—Why he separated souls that only wished to live for each other! Into those two things we are forbidden to enquire!—But, oh! let not any one impute it to me as a sin that I complain!—The Lord gave her to me!—The Lord hath taken her away!—I am no dissembler—I cannot add, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Of what passed in this and the following hours I have but a confused recollection. How I kissed her for the last time, without even receiving a like faint return as the evening before; how I rushed out of the room, unable to support the idea of beholding her last struggles; how I ran to the house of a friend a few doors off, and what horrible feelings there rent my bosom—all, all these appear to me as the harassing images of some fearful dream.

Not many days before I had said to this friend, that I was confident my senses never could support the loss of my wife: and earnestly entreated him, should this dreadful catastrophe actually take place, to think and to act for me, and endeavour, for the sake of my poor motherless infants, if possible, to rescue from despair a father who had himself stood for three years upon the brink of the grave. I charged him, when the last fatal stroke should be over, instantly to order a chaise, and fly with me, no matter whither, only to take me from the place that had been the scene of all my sorrows—from the place where every joy must be buried in the grave of my deceased wife. He promised to comply with my request, and kept his word.

He went himself to my house, my wife had breathed her last, and he sent instantly to the post.

I repeat it, that I have no clear idea of my own feelings. My brain was all confusion; overpowered with anguish, I could not remain a moment in the same spot; every place seemed too confined for my bursting bosom; no tears came to my relief; I ran half frantic into the street, a bleak north-wind blew directly through it; yet even there I felt as in a burning furnace.

I told my friend I would wait for him at the gate of the town; and thither I hastened, though I scarcely know myself how I reached it; neither am I certain, whether by the way I met any person with whom I was acquainted. I only recollect, since of this my anguish reminded me, seeing the postillion who a few weeks before had driven my wife and me to Leipsick.

I remained for two hours without the gate, accompanied only by my own anguish and distraction. The weather was cold, rainy, and stormy, but I was insensible to it. I walked up and down by the side of a ditch, endeavouring to collect my scattered senses, and to reflect calmly upon my situation, but it was impossible. Once or twice a few tears came to my relief, but they were few. Heaven was sparing of this lenient balm.

After a while, an old man in a soldier's uniform, probably a pensioner of the neighbouring hospital, whose attention, I suppose, had been excited by the wildness of my appearance, came up to me, and asked if I was ill. I answered, Yes, and passed on. "*Ah! that's plainly enough to be seen!*" I could hear him say in a compassionate tone, as I continued walking forwards. I know not whether it was this appearance of participation in my sorrow that gave a new turn to my feelings, but I burst into tears, and wept violently for some minutes; yet this was soon

past, and I relapsed into my former state of gloomy stupefaction.

At length, towards evening, I saw my own travelling carriage approach, the same carriage into which I had so often handed my Frederica; in which I had enjoyed so many happy hours by her side. I got hastily into it, the little dog which had been my wife's favourite was there, and jumped upon me, wagging his tail. Oh God! what painful recollections did it call into my mind. Every thing in the carriage bore some reference to my Frederica. In one pocket was a stain, made by a bottle of medicine which she had once broke. Here was a needle, with which she had been at work: there the mark of powder from her hair: and yet what was absent reminded me of her far more painfully than what was present. At our departure from Reval, I had a couple of small pillows made, covered with leather, to rest our heads against on the journey. On these my wife had lain during her illness, as she found the pillows belonging to the bed too warm—on these she died!

We proceeded onwards, the clouds began to disperse, and the moon appeared. Not a word was spoken. My friend felt sensibly, that at present any attempts to console me were vain, he was silent therefore, and in my heart I acknowledged this as an obligation. I fixed my eyes steadily upon the clouds, which the wind blew into a thousand varied forms, at first only with a vacant stare, but after a while they caught my attention, and my fancy found a melancholy gratification in likening them to such images as were most accordant with the situation of my soul. In one, I saw a coffin, in another, a funeral procession; in another, a hat, with a long crape hatband. I found in the heavens whatever I sought: never was my imagination so fertile in forming resemblances. At length about eight o'clock we arrived at Erfurth.

Soon after I had left my house, Dr. Starke arrived, and opened a vein in my poor Frederica's arm, but in vain. Nothing could snatch from the grasp of death the sweetest, gentlest victim he ever seized. For the first time since our union did she give me an uneasy sensation—she died!

I was afterwards informed by letter, that the fever occasioned by the milk had fallen upon her lungs, and was the origin of her disorder. A thousand tormenting reflections upon this subject oppress my heart. It is true, I do not doubt that my Frederica now bears testimony to our great Judge, that I did every thing the tenderest love could suggest to save her; yet I cannot shake off the idea, that if this or that thing had been done or omitted, she might yet have been alive; so often does the rescue or destruction of a man hang upon a single thread—upon some accident apparently of the most trifling or insignificant nature.

I am eternally haunted by the recollection, that in the last days of her illness, my beloved wife called very often, it is true only amid the wanderings of delirium, for the *Russian medicine*. She frequently endeavoured to explain herself more fully, and used every possible effort to make me understand what she meant, yet never could think of the right name: she could only say the *Russian medicine*. I perplexed myself in vain at the time to conceive what it was on which her distempered fancy dwelt, but it has since occurred to me that she doubtless referred to a powder in very common use in our country, which, though the physicians may declaim against it, and consider it as quackery, has most certainly often achieved wonders. And since I believe we owe the life of a son, given over by the physicians, to this powder, it is very probable that his poor mother might feel confidence in its power to restore her also. Oh Heaven! who knows what might have been the effect of this powder's being administered on that last fatal day,

during the short interval when her breath was easy, and her cough quiet! But how should I have assumed courage to recommend it! since, if she had then died, I had considered myself as her murderer, and been even more wretched than at present.

Alas! it was determined by a higher than mortal power, that thus it should be, and no otherwise. The great wheel that guides our destinies is not to be stopped by a blade of stubble. She is dead! and all my hopes and joys died with her!—I look for no more happiness on this side the grave! I may yet perhaps sometimes laugh, but my heart will never more be really cheerful! Many years may yet pass ere I shall be reunited to the only treasure of my soul—I may drag on a procrastinated existence, but never can I really live, since I am deprived of the better part of my life's support!—What remains of me will only hope, will only sigh for the time of its re-union, to this perished half, and the sole consolation my sorrows can ever know, will be in constantly looking forward to that blessed period:

Thou pious soul, belov'd, ador'd,
Oh draw me in love's bands tow'rd thee!
Draw me to thy heart, sweet angel,
That I an angel too may be*!

* Upon the above beautiful piece we may just remark, that the extravagant grief of its author would have been happily moderated by the soothing influence of the Christian revelation. Ed.

LIST

OF

THE COUNTIES IN ENGLAND AND WALES,

ACCORDING TO THEIR RESPECTIVE SITUATIONS.

SIX NORTHERN COUNTIES.

	County Towns.
Northumberland	*Alnwick.*
Cumberland	*Carlisle.*
Durham	*Durham.*
Yorkshire	*York.*
Westmoreland	*Appleby.*
Lancashire	*Lancaster.*

FOUR BORDERING ON WALES.

Cheshire	*Chester.*
Shropshire	*Shrewsbury.*
Herefordshire	*Hereford.*
Monmouthshire	*Monmouth.*

TWELVE MIDLAND COUNTIES.

Nottinghamshire	*Nottingham.*
Derbyshire	*Derby.*
Staffordshire	*Stafford.*
Leicestershire	*Leicester.*
Rutlandshire	*Okeham.*
Northamptonshire	*Northampton.*
Warwickshire	*Warwick.*
Worcestershire	*Worcester.*
Gloucestershire	*Gloucester.*
Oxfordshire	*Oxford.*
Buckinghamshire	*Buckingham.*
Bedfordshire	*Bedford.*

EIGHT EASTERN COUNTIES.

	County Towns.
Lincolnshire	*Lincoln.*
Huntingdonshire	*Huntingdon.*
Cambridgeshire	*Cambridge.*
Norfolk	*Norwich.*
Suffolk	*Ipswich.*
Essex	*Chelmsford.*
Hertfordshire	*Hertford.*
Middlesex	*Brentford.*

THREE SOUTH-EASTERN.

Surry	*Guildford.*
Kent	*Maidstone.*
Sussex	*Chichester.*

FOUR SOUTHERN.

Berkshire	*Reading.*
Wiltshire	*Salisbury.*
Hampshire	*Winchester.*
Dorsetshire	*Dorchester.*

THREE SOUTH-WESTERN.

Somersetshire	*Taunton*
Devonshire	*Exeter.*
Cornwall	*Launceston.*

WALES IN GENERAL.

SIX NORTHERN COUNTIES.

Flintshire	*Flint.*
Denbighshire	*Denbigh.*
Caernarvonshire	*Caernarvon.*
Anglesey	*Beaumaris*

	County Towns.
Merionethshire.....	*Merioneth.*
Montgomeryshire.....	*Montgomery.*

SIX SOUTHERN COUNTIES.

Radnorshire.....	*Radnor.*
Cardiganshire.....	*Cardigan.*
Pembrokeshire.....	*Pembroke.*
Caermarthenshire.....	*Caermarthen.*
Brecknockshire.....	*Brecknock.*
Glamorganshire.....	*Caerdiff.*

Thus are there forty counties in ENGLAND and twelve in WALES, making altogether FIFTY-TWO counties, the number of weeks in our year.

EXPLANATION OF THE CALENDAR.

[Translated from the French.]

ROMULUS, the founder of the Roman empire, was, it is said, the first author of the Calendar, or Table of the Distribution of Time, for the use of his people; this imperfect calendar was reformed in the reign of Numa Pompilius; and Julius Cæsar reformed it again about forty-two or forty-three years before the birth of Christ. By this last reformation, the vernal equinox was upon the twenty-fifth of March, and the solar year was regulated at 365 days and 6 hours; the three first years were in the same manner as they are now, each of 365 days, and the fourth of 366, and they always named this fourth year Bissextile (a word derived from the two Latin words Bis Sextilis) the reason of it is, the month of February having but twenty-eight days in the common year, they added to it that supernumerary day, every fourth year, immediately after the 24th of that month, which was the 6th of the ca-

lends of March, and as by this addition the month of February had 29 days, the 25th was still the 6th of the calends, for they used to call the 24th and 25th *Sexto Calendas*. This calendar, reformed by Julius Cæsar, was called the Julian calendar, which served until the year 1582, although many attempts were made before to correct it; and it was not until the epoch, under the reign of Pope Gregory XIII. that the most learned astronomers of the time, at the request of the Pope, undertook at last to reform it, in order to make the civil year agree with the solar, and to that end it was agreed that 10 days should be taken off from that year first; and they took for the epoch of this abridgment the hour of midnight, and instead of counting the 5th of October they counted the 15th. By this means the year 1583 begun ten days sooner than common, and the sun was found in the equinoctial circle about the 21st of March, as it was found at the time of the council of Nice, holden in the year of our Lord 325. But as they perceived that the annual revolution of the sun was a little less than 365 days and 6 hours, they decreed that three days should be taken off upon 400 years, and consequently the years 1700, 1800, and 1900 would not be bissextiles, though they ought to be according to the first established order. Nevertheless even that was not entirely sufficient, for at the end of 400 years there is found about four hours and eighteen minutes more than the three days; but as that does not make a day to curtail but upon about 2300 years, there can be no notice taken of it till that time is expired.

Deal, JOHN MERCER.
18*th April,* 1800.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

AT

SOMERSET HOUSE,

FOR THE YEAR 1800.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros. OVID.

The polished arts have humanised mankind,
Soften'd the rude, and calm'd the boist'rous mind.

THE revolving months have brought round another annual Exhibition, being the *thirty-second*, which has been laid open to the inspection of an admiring public. The charms of painting will not soon lose their hold on the human mind. The pleasure flowing from this source is particularly grateful to our sensibility.

In furnishing our readers with a sketch of the present exhibition, we shall notice those productions alone which are entitled to our attention, either from the nature of their subjects, or the manner of their execution. Indifferent pictures we abandon to their merited oblivion.

Of HISTORICAL PAINTINGS there are many of great merit. In this list we rank several taken from scripture, and sketched by Mr. WEST. *The Encomium of Christ on Little Children—The Women at the Sepulchre of Jesus Christ—Isaac, when he first saw his twin-sons, Esau and Jacob—the Apostles imprisoned*—are well worthy of attention. Nor must we omit to recommend *The Chiefs of the Tribes of Israel returned from seeking the Land of Canaan*—and *Jethro bringing to Moses his Wife and two Sons*, both by HAMILTON. *Ruth and Boaz*, by Miss E. A. RIGAUD, is a pleasing picture—and *Six Subjects*, by E. DAYES, taken from Matt. xxv. 35, 36—40. I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty,

&c. greatly engaged our attention. They are finely imagined, and on the whole happily executed. From *Profane History*, two only attracted our notice, which shall be mentioned: *Athenian Youth taking the Oath of Fidelity to their Country at the Altar of Agraule*, by FRERESON. The editor of Plutarch's Lives thus relates the story—Agraulas, one of the daughters of Cecrops, had devoted herself to death for the benefit of her country. It has been supposed, therefore, that the oath which the young Athenians took bound them to do something of that nature, if need should require, though, as given by Plutarch, it implies only an unjust resolution to extend the Athenian dominions to all lands that were worth seizing. Demosthenes mentions the oath in his orations, but does not explain it. The painting represents this memorable event in glowing colours, and recollecting the nature of the vow, our patriotism kindles at the contemplation of it.

The other picture is taken from the American War: *General Fraser mortally wounded by the shot of a rifleman, near Hudson's River, 7th October*, 1777. *In the groupe on the right hand are Lady H. Ackland, Mad. Reidesell, with some English and German officers, who had the command of the camp.* It is executed by S. WOODFORDE, and forms an interesting topic for the pencil. We would beg leave to recommend to this artist, for next year's exhibition, *The Funeral of General Fraser*. It is thus affectingly recorded by Gordon, in his History of the American War: "About sun-set the corpse of *General Fraser* was brought up the hill, attended only by the officers who had lived in his family, for he desired it might be carried without parade, by the soldiers of his corps, to the great redoubt, and there buried. It necessarily passed within view of both armies.—Generals *Phillips*, *Reisdell*, and *Burgoyne*, standing together, were struck with the humility of the procession. Their conforming to that privacy which had been requested

might be construed into neglect. They could neither endure that reflection, nor restrain their natural propensity to pay their last attention to his remains. They followed the corpse to the grave. The incessant cannonade during the solemnity—the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the chaplain officiated, though frequently covered with dust, thrown upon all sides of him by the shot—the mute, but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance, together with the growing duskness of the evening, may be hereafter described by the pen of the British commander, as marking a character of that juncture, which makes one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited!"

Of PORTRAITS there is no deficiency. Some of these are extremely well executed. The portrait of the *King*—of the *Lord Mayor*, by BURNELL—of the *Duke of Clarence*, by SHEE—of *Captain Grindall and Family*—of the *Dutchess of York*—of the *Princess of Wales*—of the *Lord Chancellor*—of *Peter Pindar*—of *Dr. Willis*—and of *T. Curtis, Esq.* by MEDLEY, are striking likenesses. We were also particularly gratified by the *Portrait of a Lady*, in the character of *Cressida*, by the portrait of *Mrs. Smith*, and by *The Fugitive*, or *La Fille mal guard*, all pieces of exquisite merit, from the pencil of OPIE. But the master-piece of this class of painting is *Mr. Kemble* in the character of ROLLA, by LAWRENCE. He is represented at the critical moment, when seizing and bearing away the child; he interests the tenderest emotions of the heart. *Mrs. Gibbs, also, as Cowslip, in the Agreeable Surprise*, is a pleasing performance, by T. CLARKE—the characteristic traits are preserved of innocence and simplicity.

A few of the PORTRAITS were indifferently executed, but the security of a likeness adds a value even to a good daubing. *Ladies* and *gentlemen* are fond of

having their features preserved, for while it oftentimes gratifies personal vanity, it always proves acceptable to relatives and friends. We feel, indeed, no great inclination to censure where we have any reason to suppose that respectable individuals are pleased.

The LANDSCAPES are numerous, for with nature's ever varying charms the mind is seldom fatigued. *Landscape and Figures, Evening*, by HOLLAND, possessed many marks of ability; it is chiefly taken from those exquisite lines of Thomson:

> The sun has lost its rage: his downward orb
> Shoots nothing now but animating warmth
> And vital lustre, that with various rays
> Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heav'n,
> Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
> The dream of waking fancy!

Morning, likewise, by FREEBAIRN, is strongly sketched, and well executed. *Wyndham Abbey, Norfolk, and a Landscape*, both by J. BAYNES, are agreeable specimens of the skill of the artist. They are distinguished for neatness and simplicity. Other landscapes might be enumerated, but it is not easy to give the reader an idea of the merit or demerit of this class of paintings. The appeal is made to the eye, and by means of sight the matter is soon determined.

The VIEWS are in abundance, and of considerable value. The following are those most worthy of notice: The *Falls of Niagara*, by Captain FISHER—the *Rope Bridge, at Serinugur, in the East Indies*, by DANIEL—*View in the Gulph of Salermo*, by REINAGLE—*View of Rome*, by GARVEY—*View of Ambleside Fair, Westmoreland*, by IBBETSON—of *Stonehenge*—of *Caernarvon*, by W. TURNER—and a *Representation of the Dinner given by Lord Romney to the Kentish Volunteers, in presence of their Majesties and the rest of the Royal Family*,

Aug. 1, 1799, by W. ALEXANDER. This last piece is very pleasingly executed. The antique mansion at the Moat, encircled by so many thousands feasting themselves in the open park, brings to mind old English hospitality!

Among the MINIATURES, a *Frame with five Portraits*, of Mr. and Mrs. Trimbery, Captain Hicks, &c. by Mr. HAZLIT, possessed uncommon merit. Others appear to have been drawn with great felicity. *The blue Passion Flower*, and *Night-blowing Cerea*, by REINAGLE, are beautiful beyond expression. They are designed for that grand national work, Dr. THORNTON's New Illustration of the Sexual System by LINNÆUS. The CEREA is thus exquisitely described by Darwin, in his Botanic Garden.

> Refulgent CEREA! at the dusky hour
> She seeks, with pensive step, the mountain bower,
> Bright as the blush of morn, and warms
> The dull cold eye of midnight with her charms.
> There, as soft zephyrs sweep, with pausing airs,
> Thy snowy neck, and part thy shadowy hairs,
> Sweet maid of night! to Cynthia's sober beams,
> In *crowds* around thee gaze the admiring swains,
> And guard in silence the enchanted plains,
> Drop the still tear, or breathe the impassioned sigh,
> And drink inebriate rapture from thine eye!

Of MORAL PICTURES there were many with which it was impossible not to be pleased. The first on this list was *Unanimity, or the Old Man and his three Sons, and the Bundle of Sticks*, by J. BAINES—*The Peasant's Return to his Family in the Evening*, by WESTALL—*The Play Ground*—*The Cradle Hymn*, from Dr. WATTS, by NORTHCOTE—and the *Confession*, by OPIE, which is a fine piece, alluding to these words—

> ———With sorrow and repentance true!
> Father! I trembling come to you.

We remarked some sketches from Goldsmith's Deserted Village, Parnel's Hermit, Beattie's Minstrel, and other poems. The pencil can never want subjects in the delightful flights of poetry.

The LUDICROUS PIECES are chiefly by SMIRKE, and are taken from that inimitable Novel, Don Quixote, the grimaces of whose countenance, and the distortions of whose raw-boned frame will always excite our risibility. To behold the renowned knight either *combating the windmill*, or *addressing his dulcinea*, attended uniformly by his *faithful squire*, must discompose the most serious gravity. *Undertakers at a bait*, by NIXON, is also of a very humorous complexion.

Of the SOLEMN CAST, we mention COWPER'S *Crazed Kate*, in a lucid interval, and SOUTHEY'S *Maid of the Inn*, by DE WILDE. They are both exquisite in their kind, and the contemplation of them rouses our commiseration.

The SEA PIECES are confined principally to engagements, several of which exhibit, with awful impression, the consequences with which war is attended. They are, however, gratifying to a nation, who indulges a pride arising from the reiterated triumphs of her navy! Under this article, we were much pleased with a piece by POCOCK, entitled, *Portraits of Nine Ships of War, and others, launched from the Yards of Messrs.* RANDALL *and* BRENT, *within the Space of One Year!* The *Ganges* makes a principal figure in the group, and produces a fine effect on the whole. Art, by her wonderful skill, imitates nature in design and rapidity.

In the MODEL ACADEMY, we remarked with pleasure *Helminghan Hall—A Design for a Naval Temple to commemorate the late Victories over the French, Spanish, and Dutch Fleets—Ulysses' Palace —A Design for Courts of Judicature—The four Seasons decorating an Urn intended for the center of a*

Green Room—An Afflicted Mother comforted by an Angel—A most beautiful monument for a *Lady who died in Child-bed*—and *Two Bridges*, which united elegance and simplicity.

Such are the principal performances in the present exhibition, which arrested our attention. There are many others of merit which our limits allow us not to specify. On the whole we were much gratified. If there be fewer paintings of extraordinary genius, so are there a less number of those which are beneath mediocrity. Considerable talent has been exerted in the several departments of this delightful art, which under proper direction, agreeable to the intimation of the motto, softens and improves the manners of mankind. PAINTING is, without doubt, the finest effort of human ingenuity.

SHOOTER'S HILL.

ON the 16th of December, 1783, Sir William James died, aged 62. In the year following a handsome building was erected by his Lady, on his estate in Kent, near the top of Shooter's Hill; it is built in the style of a castle, with three sides, and commands a most extensive view. The lowest room is adorned with weapons peculiar to the different countries of the east. The room above has different views of naval actions and enterprises painted on the ceiling, in which *Sir William* had been a considerable actor. The top of the building is finished with battlements about sixty-feet from the base. The top of the battlements are 480 feet above the level of Shooter's Hill, and more than 140 feet higher than the top of St. Paul's cupola. On a tablet over the entrance door is this inscription:

This Building was erected 1784,
by the Representative of the late
Sir William James, Bart.

to commemorate that gallant Officer's Atchievements
in the East Indies;
during his Command of the Company's Marine Forces
in those Seas;
and in a particular Manner to record the Conquest of
the Castle of Severndroog, on the Coast of Malabar,
which fell to his superior Valour and able Conduct,
on the 2d Day of April, 1755.

Of Sir William it is said, by a person who knew him intimately near thirty years, and was well acquainted with his professional abilities, that as a thorough practical seaman he was almost without an equal; as an officer he was brave, vigilant, prompt, and resolute, patient in difficulty, with a presence of mind that seemed to grow from danger.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

APRIL 29. DE MONTFORT, a tragedy, in five acts, was produced, and received with great applause. The characters stood thus:

De Montfort.....*Mr. Kemble.*
Marquis Razenbelt.....*Mr. Talbot.*
Albert.....*Mr. Barrymore.*
Manuel.....*Mr. Powell.*
Jeremy.....*Mr. Dowton.*

Jane De Montfort.....*Mrs. Siddons.*
Lady Albert.....

Maid.....*Miss Heard.*
Abbess.....*Mrs. Crouch.*
Nuns.....*Miss De Camp, Miss Stevens, &c.*

The interest of the fable, which is extremely simple, is produced by the passion of *hate*, which lodging early in the breast of a man, amiable in other respects, grows with his growth, until at length it overpowers all moral principle, and impels him to the cowardly murder of the man whose superior merit gave it birth. We here however find it treated in a manner that must afford useful instruction, and punished with a severity due to its atrociousness.

The scene is laid at Augsburg in Germany, and it boasts of many beautiful views. The chapel belonging to the convent, in the neighbourhood of which the Marquis Razenbelt is murdered, and in an apartment of which De Monfort ends his life, is not to be surpassed by any combination on the stage for scenery, decoration, and music. Here the dreadful story is announced at the moment of divine worship, when the charms of vocal and instrumental music swell the pomp and solemnity of the scene. The music was by Mr. Kelly, whose talents could not be more successfully employed.

MAY 10. A new comedy, called INDISCRETION, from the pen of *Mr. Hoare*, was performed, and received with a majority of approving voices.

Julia, daughter to Burly, to avoid a marriage insisted on by her father, elopes with Clermont, a young man of fashion, who, forgetting the respect his honourable addresses had taught her to expect, she escapes from him, and conceals herself at the house of Mrs. Goodly, a person who had formerly lived in Mr. Burly's family, and by whose means she obtains an interview with her father. Burly, supposing her ruined, demands the name of her seducer, which she, conscious of her innocence, refuses to disclose for fear of occasioning a duel.

Burly on this forbids her his house, and she, in despair, forms a project to disguise herself in men's clothes, and, under that disguise to watch an opportunity of regaining an admittance to her father's house, and recovering his favour. At Mr. Burly's she meets Clermont, and is convinced of his remorse and real attachment to her. In the mean time Burly, eager to discover a secret so important to the honour of his family, proposes to overhear the conversation of the young men who frequent his house, but is persuaded by Mrs. Goodly to meet them in her apartment, dressed as a female visitor. This brings on a general meeting and explanation, by which Julia's honour is cleared—she is restored to her father's favour and married to Clermont.

This play has several good traits to recommend it; and the actors by their exertions contributed to its popularity.

COVENT GARDEN.

MAY. In the course of the present month a pleasing piece, entitled PAUL AND VIRGINIA, was presented with considerable attractions. As it is founded on a little novel of the same title, in almost every body's hands; it may be sufficient to add, that it is ingeniously planned and happily executed.

12. A *petite* comedy, called LIBERAL OPINIONS, was performed here, from the prolific pen of the junior *Dibdin*. It contains bustle, comic incident, and a considerable portion of light and sprightly dialogue. In a more abridged form it might become a permanent favourite with the public.

MILTON GALLERY.

MAY 17. This day the President and Members of the Royal Academy dined at the Milton Gallery. This mark of respect for the genius and talents of *Mr. Fuseli*, was paid in consequence of an unanimous resolution of the Academy, and certainly does honour to their friendly liberality and taste. The company was more numerous than expected; various patrons and amateurs of the fine arts joining in this public testimony of respect for the truly classic illustrations of our divine Poet. At half past five *Mr. West*, the President, took the chair, and after an elegant dinner, several toasts appropriate to the business of the day were drank. His Majesty's health in particular was received with an uncommon fervour of applause and congratulation.—*Prosperity to the Arts—The Milton Gallery, &c. &c.* were likewise loudly applauded. The company were enlivened by songs from *Messrs. Bannister, Maddocks, &c.* and the evening was spent with the utmost cheerfulness and conviviality. On drinking *Mr. Fuseli's* health, he returned the company thanks in a modest and neat speech. *Mr. Alderman Boydell*, whose health was likewise drank, made a speech to the company, highly expressive of his zeal for the interest of the arts. The *Duke of Bedford's* health was also drank with three times three, on account of his Grace having made the Academy a present of the celebrated cartoons, lately in Bedford House. The present was worthy of his munificence and liberality!

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR MAY, 1800.

ODE TO FANCY.

OH thou the tutelary queen of song!
Who, in the breast where sorrow sits enthron'd,
Canst wake the throb of joy,
Ethereal fancy, hail!

Coy nymph! who, far from human turmoil, lov'st,
In sylvan glens embosom'd, oft to list
The hum of insect worlds,
The jubilee of groves!

Thou, too, who lov'st, in mildly pensive mood,
To gaze upon the rosy-tinted clouds,
That o'er the heaven's blue vault
In pomp of beauty float:

Or, with wild flowrets garlanding thy brows,
To tune thy shell beside some murmuring brook,
The whilst its glassy stream
Mirrors thy lovely form!

By thee inspir'd, the shrill-ton'd lark, upborne
E'en to the saffron portals of the east,
Of wildest minstrelsy
A strain preluding pours;

What time the sunbeams, ushering new-born day,
O'er the horizon roll a sea of fire,
And gleams each spray, each leaf,
With myriad gems of dew.

And when grey-sandal'd eve (nymph dear to thee!)
O'er the fair landscape draws her gradual veil;
When nature, in soft sleep,
Seems willing to repose;

By thee inspir'd, the love-lorn Philomel,
Hailing th' approach of night, her sole compeer!
To scenes fast fading bids
A plaintive, sweet adieu!

But chief, the hallow'd bard's enthusiast soul,
By thee, O fancy! in delirium wrapt,
Thy harmonizing power,
Thy thrilling influence owns!

When now no more the vernal season charms,
Nor summer breezes sport amid the glades;
But nature wails with tears
Her verdant offspring dead;

And the fell genius of the wintry storm,
Through shatter'd woodlands speeds his dread career,
His breath—congealing frost!
His robe—a sable cloud!

He then how blest, whose labouring bosom heaves
With thy celestial presence! Thou canst spread
Around the joyless waste
A visionary spring!

If that a mortal's pray'r be heard by thee,
May I e'er bend a votary at thy shrine!
O! through my early song
The soul of music breathe!

Lynn. W. CASE, JUN

TO ELIZA,

ON HER RETURN, AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

FEB. 27, 1799.

WELCOME to thy husband's breast,
Dearest earthly treasure come!
Now my widow'd heart's at rest,
Dear Eliza! welcome home!

Frequent, round the lonely cot,
Loud has howl'd the winter's blast,
But all the storms are now forgot,
Eliza comes, and gloom is past.

So e'en beneath the drifting snows
The crocus rears its golden form;
And, like sincere affection, grows
The richer from the driving storm.

Tender children all have striven
To soften separation's pain:
A thousand pleasures they have given;
Their efforts have not been in vain.

But still my heart a vacuum felt,
Eliza I could no where see;
And wheresoe'er my body dwelt,
My spirit wing'd its way to thee.

Gloomy winter disappearing,
Rolls its murky clouds away;
Flowers and suns our vallies cheering,
Eliza coming, all is gay.

Welcome, dearest woman! home,
Sweet soother of my heart and life,
To this fond bosom once more come,
My soul's delight, my lovely *wife*.

Again, affection's arm shall bear,
Or up the hill, or thro' the vale,
And each from each, delighted, hear,
Of wedded love, the tender tale.

If Heaven permit, thus, many a day,
With children at their side,
Along the green and flowery way,
Edmund will lead his happy bride.

Low, dear Eliza! let us kneel,
Preserving mercy here adore,
And never, never may we feel,
So *long* a separation more!

Sidbury Vale.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. DAVIS,

Master of Old-street Workhouse, who was murdered by one of the Paupers, on Sunday, the 20th April, 1800.

WHENCE comes that groan? hark! again 'tis heard!
Cold creeps my blood through ev'ry trembling vein:
Haply some child of sorrow now expires,
Freed, by the stroke of death, from care and pain;
Perhaps the victim of disease now groans,
To madness tortur'd!—Bereft of child belov'd,
Perchance a parent mourns with bitterest grief.
Another groan! O God! it deeper sounds,
Imparting to my soul the direst dread;
'Tis not the accent of a wasted frame,
The tone of sad distress, or frantic woe;
'Tis the impressive groan of murdered man!—
Pierc'd by th' assassin's knife, poor DAVIS fell;
Destroy'd in manhood's prime, and vigorous health,
While all around was smiling, friends sincere,
Unblemish'd fame, and fortune not unkind!—
To feeling minds thy name will e'er be dear;
Whilst memory reigns, thy virtues ne'er forgot;
Not ev'n time, the great effacer, can destroy
Those strong emotions genuine friendship feels
For those belov'd, whom savage death hath torn,
Untimely torn, from friendship's fond embrace.
Insatiate fiend! at human woe thou smil'st,
And, tho' each hour the knell funereal sounds,
And giv'st the signal for thy gates to ope
Full wide for crowds to enter, self-destroy'd,
Still dost thou love to feast thy hateful spleen,
(Soul-harrowing sight) the gaping wound to see,
The purple stream of life the ground distain;
To view the tortur'd face, the writhing frame;
The dreadful groan to hear, when life departs:
And, wretch accurst! when friends around him stood,
Transfixt with horror, pale, and wild with woe,
Joy didst thy haggard face illume, and to thy breast
Ferocious murder thou didst fondly clasp,

The promptest minister to do thy will!
Intemperance, and care, and foul disease,
Oft waste, by slow degrees, the frame, and smooth
The rugged path that leads to thy abode;
Scarce groans decline, his nerves are all unstrung;
Lingeringly the lamp of life expires:——
We view thee then with terrors unarray'd,
And oft invoke thy aid, and call thee friend,
For life is joyless, when unblest with health.
These, monster execrable! are thy actions fell;—
These, the heart-rending woes thou giv'st mankind.
Keen is the grief a childless mother feels,
And sever'd wedded love in agony deplores,
And friendship weeps for friends for ever gone;
But time anon will lenitives apply,
Blunt the sharp feelings, and serene the mind.
For *thee*, lamented friend, we vainly weep;
Could we reanimate thy lifeless form,
Our tears should ceaseless flow;—but grief is vain,—
The bloom that grac'd thy cheeks is chang'd,
For paly hues,—thine eyes, that look'd benign,
Are rayless,—clos'd, for ever clos'd,
To ope no more on these terrestrial scenes;
No more we hear thy voice sweet joy express,
When friends convivial sat around thy board;
No more participate thy liberal cheer!
Then hush'd be ev'ry unavailing sigh;
Ye friendly mourners wipe away your tears;
Nor sighs, nor tears, can call him from the tomb;
Serenely now on earth's cold breast he sleeps,
Unpain'd by care, untortur'd by disease,
And when the trumpet's blast awakes the dead,
HOPE whispers, he'll arise with heart unstain'd,
And stand redeem'd before the Eternal's throne!

April 27, 1800. J. S.

TO THE MOON.

MOUNTED in thy silver car,
Chaste-ey'd empress of the night;
Hark! a wanderer from afar
Hails thy mild auspicious light.

Light! to *love's* own votaries dear,
Dear to *meditation*'s sons;
Shades of error thou canst clear,
Better than a thousand suns.

By thy soft religious gleam,
Reason searches truths divine;
Wisdom owns the inspiring beam,
Virtue smiles to see thee shine.

I too (child of sorrow!) feel
All thy power to soften grief;
Which, though 'tis not thine to heal,
Thine it is t' afford relief.

By thy light alone I rove,
Tears indulge, and as they flow,
Learn a mystery to prove,
Learn the luxury of woe.

Tearful eyes to heaven I turn,
There with awe thy form I see,
While the stars that round thee burn,
Light me to the Deity.

Ah! 'tis *he* who guides their spheres,
He too measures out my woe;
Hence then, cease my falling tears,
Or with resignation flow.

ANNA MARIA.

SADI THE MOOR.

BY HENRY SIDDONS.

THE trees seem to fade as yon dear spot I'm viewing,
My eyes fill with tears as I look on the door,
And see the lov'd cottage all sinking in ruin,
The cottage of peace and of Sadi the Moor.

Poor Sadi was merciful, honest, and cheery,
His friends were his life blood, he valued them dearly,
And his sweet dark-ey'd Zelda, he lov'd her sincerely;
But hard was the fate of poor Sadi the Moor.

As Sadi was toiling, his Zelda was near him,
His children were pratt'ling and smiling before,
When the pirates appear, from his true-love they tear him,
And drag to their vessel poor Sadi the Moor.

The forlorn one rav'd loudly, her lost husband seeking,
His children and friends at a distance were shrieking,
Poor Sadi cried out, while his sad heart was breaking,
Oh, pity the sorrows of Sadi the Moor!

In spite of his plaint to their galley they bore him,
His Zelda and children to mourn and deplore;
At morn from his feverish slumber they tore him,
And with blows hardly treated poor Sadi the Moor.

At night up aloft, while the still moon was clouding,
The thought of his babes on his wretched mind crowding,
He heav'd a last sigh, and fell dead from the shrouding,
The sea was the grave of poor Sadi the Moor.

SOLITARY REFLECTIONS,

ADDRESSED TO MISS ELLEN G—D—N.

WHY thus is joy fled from my heart,
Since late thy soft converse I knew?
What is it I fain would impart?
Ah! why hangs the time but with you?

What is it I wish to disclose?
Why struggles this sigh to be free?
Ah! why am I lost to repose?
Why vain do I think but on thee?

The lily neglected that fades,
With-held from the nourishing tear,
Revives in the night's humid shades:
'Tis thus in thy presence I cheer.

But, ah! sad despair fills my heart,
I scarce from the tear can refrain;
For fancy forebodes as we part,
Alas!—we may ne'er meet again!

Inner Temple. CAROLUS.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

WHAT mean those sighs? What can it be,
That causes thus my thoughts to rove?
Why do all things look dull to me?
Tell me my feelings? Is it love?

'Tis true there's one whom I admire,
For she possesses ev'ry charm;
But then 'tis friendship, not desire,
With which I feel my bosom warm.

I think 'tis friendship which I feel,
Or that it is, I fain would think;
And from myself my love conceal,
And seem apart from Cupid's link.

If it is love, let me forbear,
And timely shun the alluring bait;
Lovers may curse the chains they wear,
And often may repine at fate.

J. B.

AGRICULTURE.

A POEM.

NOW dreary March hath left the scene,
And yields to April's milder sway,
Bright Phœbus spangles o'er the green,
And gilds the lawn with glitt'ring ray.

His grateful light illumes the earth,
And ushers in the roseate morn,
That gives to healthful labour birth,
Which doth Britannia's isle adorn.

For amply are her sons repaid
For their great industry and toil,
Since plenty show'rs upon their head
Her blessings in the gen'rous soil.

Her hardy sons their wealth obtain,
(Then live, when old, in plenteous ease)
By exportation of her grain
Across the rough and raging seas.

Her produce, sent to India's shore,
(Where Sol emits his ardent flames)
Repays them with the radiant ore,
And fills with spices rich the Thames.

She, with an happy medium blest,
A climate mild can ever boast;
Nor feels the fervours of the east,
Nor Lapland's everlasting frost.

Fir'd by these thoughts, the farmer plies
His early work ere morning beams,
Then to his short repast he hies,
When Sol in highest glory gleams.

Meanwhile his gen'rous steeds receive
Their food from their kind master's hand,
In gratitude that they relieve
His toil, and fertilize the land.

When Sol descends with sloping wheel,
His post-meridian work's begun,
His hand again the fallows feel,
Till western worlds receive the sun.

Now home he bends his weary way,
And as he wanders all along,
He cheers the labours of the day,
By chanting o'er a rural song.

Rejoicing in the fruitful soil,
That rich repays his daily task,
He drowns in ale the thoughts of toil,
And drains the fragrant spicy flask.

Meanwhile his children grasp his knees,
At their dear *dad*'s arrival proud;
His cheerful spouse, design'd to please,
Prepares their plain, but wholesome food.

Whilst they enjoy their frugal meal,
They soothe with converse ev'ry care;
Their theme, perhaps, their future weal,
—The rising harvest of the year.

He, happy, then retires to rest;
No inward torments can he know;
No selfish thoughts disturb his breast;
To all a friend,——he fears no foe.

Content, that treasure! sought in vain,
By those who spurn at humble lot,
Vouchsafes to smile upon the swain,
And ornament the clay-built cot.

Thus happy may I spend my days!
May competence the scene adorn,
The poor to aid, and all to please,
And sink, lamented, to the dreary urn!

REG. JUVENIS.

THOUGHTS ON A ROSE.

HAIL beauteous flower! whose crimson hue
Delights the eye, enchants the view,
Whose fragrance charms the smell;
How blest the men, whose tender care
'S employ'd such lovely plants to rear,
Who near such beauties dwell!

But know, my lovely rose, that thou
A savage doom wilt undergo;
That sun which makes thee gay
Behind some cloud may hide its head,
Thy beauteous hue and leaves may fade,
And thou neglected lay.

Or should the adverse blast delay
To come, yet still, old age, decay,
Apace comes hastening on;
Thy juices dried, thy vigour past,
The softest shower, or slightest blast,
Will bring thee to thy doom.

Attend Lavinia; thou may'st see
An emblem in this rose of thee,
Thy attributes delight;
Thy blandishments the heart can warm,
Thy rosy cheeks the eye can charm,
And please th' enraptur'd sight.

Those souls are blest who near thee dwell,
Who enjoy thy friendship, hear thee tell
Thy lively repartee;
Thy virtues can our grief dispel;
'Tis *only* when we say *farewell*,
We feel a *pang* with thee.

But adverse gales through life may blow,
Joy may give place to chilling woe,
And tears thy cheeks bedew;
Or should'st thou 'scape such ills as these,
Old age thy limbs e'er long will seize,
And lay thy beauties low.

But why, Lavinia, dost thou start?
This fact I own *might* rend thy heart,
Hadst thou *no further hope:*
But see, *religion* stepping in,
Can even gild *this* dismal scene,
And keep thy spirits up.

She shows, Lavinia, Christians have
A solid joy beyond the grave;
Thus when their frames decay,
With joy they yield their mortal breath,
Convinc'd when past the night of death,
Their's is—ETERNAL DAY!

Hackney, J. F.
8 *April,* 1800.

SONNET.

TO A FRIEND.

TO thee who lov'st what Latian poets sing,
Whose bosom glows with all the muses fire,
Who, whilst thy steps to Isis' banks retire,
In study pale consum'st thy life's fair spring;—
Striking with venturous hand the sounding string,
To thee, my friend! the first fruits of my lyre,
Lo I, the lowliest of the tuneful quire,
A votive wreath of simple flowrets bring:
Simple, 'tis true, combin'd of various hues,
Fram'd oft as fancy whisper'd in mine ear*;
A boon so slight yet wilt not thou refuse,
Yet will the donor's name the wreath endear.
O would the violet here its sweets diffuse,
Or lily of the vale in snowy stole appear!

WM. CASE, JUN.

* " Cynthius aurem
" Vellit et admonuit. VIRG. ECL. VI.

Literary Review.

An Universal, Biographical, and Historical Dictionary, containing a faithful Account of the Lives, Actions, and Characters, of the most eminent Persons of all Ages and all Countries; also the Revolutions of States, and the Successions of Sovereign Princes, ancient and modern. Collected from the best Authorities, by John Watkins, A. M. LL. D. Hurst. 10s. 6d. in boards.

BIOGRAPHY is a most instructive and entertaining department of literature. Of this circumstance the public are apprised, and accordingly works of this kind are purchased and read with avidity. It is of consequence, therefore, to ascertain their value, and to determine their claims to impartiality.

The work before us embraces an astonishing number of names (near 2000 more than in any other Dictionary of the kind) but many of the accounts attached to these names are distinguished for their scantiness; of course such articles can afford little satisfaction. Other sketches take a wider range, though the most copious of them enter, in a very slight degree, into the detail of Biography. This is an evil which necessarily arises from having all these accounts compressed into one volume, though certainly a *single volume* better suits the pocket and leisure of the generality of mankind.

We will now give *four* celebrated characters by way of specimen—two of them shall be taken from the learned, and two from the political world.—Their names will be revered by posterity.

"JOHNSON (Samuel), one of the greatest writers of whom this country has to boast, was born at Litchfield in 1706. His father was a bookseller in that city, and had no other child except Nathaniel, who died in 1737. Samuel was educated partly at the free school of Litchfield, and partly under a Mr. Wentworth at Stourbridge. In 1728 he was entered at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he remained till 1731, and was then obliged to quit the university through the poverty of his circumstances. He soon after lost his father, at whose death he found himself possessed of no more than 20l. The place of usher of the school at Bosworth was offered him, and he found it prudent to accept it, but being displeased with the behaviour of the principal, he soon after relinquished the situation, and then removed to the house of a printer at Birmingham, where he translated Lobo's Account of Abyssinia, for Mr. Warren, a bookseller there. In 1734 he returned to Litchfield, and published proposals for a translation of the works of Politian, with the life of that author, but the design dropped for want of encouragement. In 1735 he married a widow lady of Birmingham, named Porter, and the same year opened a school at Edial near Litchfield, but this scheme also failed, as he obtained only three scholars, one of whom was David Garrick. About this time he began his tragedy of Irene, in which he was encouraged by his great friend Mr. Walmsley, of Litchfield. In 1737 he set out for the metropolis, accompanied by Garrick. On fixing his residence in London, he formed a connection with Cave, the publisher of the Gentleman's Magazine, for which miscellany he continued to write several years, his principal department being an account of the parliamentary debates. At this period he contracted an intimacy with Savage, and, being alike destitute, a close friendship subsisted between them. Johnson has immortalized the name of that unfortunate wanderer, by one of the most eloquent and instructive pieces of biography ever composed.

In

In 1738 appeared anonymously his imitation of Juvenal's third Satire, under the title of London, a poem, which was commended by Pope, and well received by the public, though it rendered the author but little service in the way of profit. He made an attempt to get elected master of a free-school in Leicestershire, but was disappointed, owing to his not being a master of arts. He was now forced to adopt the profession of an author for his subsistence. In 1747 he issued proposals for an edition of Shakspeare, and published the plan of his English Dictionary. The price agreed upon between him and the booksellers for the last-mentioned work was 1575l. and it had the countenance of the earl of Chesterfield. The year following Johnson instituted a literary club in Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row. In 1749 Garrick brought his friend's tragedy on the stage at Drury-lane, but with all his exertions the play was unsuccessful, being too stiff and laboured a composition for the stage, though admirable in the closet. This year he was imposed upon by Lauder, who pretended to have discovered proofs of Milton's being a plagiarist, but when he found that Lauder was an impostor, he discarded him. In 1750 he commenced his Rambler, a periodical paper of the first class, which was continued till 1752. In this excellent work he had so little assistance, that only five papers were the productions of other writers. Soon after the close of this paper he lost his wife, a circumstance which affected him sensibly, as may be seen in his Meditations, and in the sermon which he wrote on her death, with a design that Dr. Taylor should have preached it at her funeral. In 1755 appeared his dictionary, and to give it some degree of distinction the university of Oxford previously conferred on him the degree of M. A. Lord Chesterfield also endeavoured to assist it, by writing two papers in its favour in the World, but, as he had neglected the work till the eve of its publication, Johnson treated his lordship with indignant contempt. The publication of this great work did not relieve him from his embarrassments, for the price of his labour had been consumed in the progress of its execution, and the year following we find him under arrest for five guineas, from which he was released by Samuel Richardson, the printer. In 1758 he began his Idler, a periodical

riodical paper, which was published in a weekly newspaper. On the death of his mother in 1759, he wrote the romance of Rasselas, to defray the expences of her funeral, and to pay off her debts. In 1762 his majesty settled on him a pension of 300l. per annum, without any stipulation with respect to his future literary exertions. Johnson had the honour of a conversation with the king in the library of Buckingham-house, in February, 1765, when his majesty asked if he intended to publish any more works? To this he answered, that he thought he had written enough; on which the king said, "and so should I too, if you had not written so well." About this time he instituted the Literary Club, which consisted of some of the most celebrated geniuses of the age, and still continues. In 1771 his friend, Mr. Strahan, endeavoured to bring him into parliament, thinking that he would have shone as a speaker, but the attempt was unsuccessful. In 1773 he took a tour with Mr. Boswell to the western islands of Scotland, of which journey he shortly after published an account. This work occasioned a difference between him and Mr. Macpherson, relative to the poems of Ossian, when the latter was weak enough to threaten him with personal chastisement, which drew from Johnson a letter full of dignified spirit. In 1775 the university of Oxford sent him the degree of LL. D. by diploma, which had before been conferred on him by the university of Dublin. In 1779 he began his Lives of the English Poets, which work was not compleated till 1781. Though he was now 72 years of age, we perceive no decay of intellect, nor abatement of his wonted vigour. On the contrary, it is a treasure of sound criticism, and a model of literary biography. This, however, was his last performance. Nature soon began to give symptoms of failure, and to warn him of his dissolution. This was an event which he had always looked to with dread, bordering upon horror. But the last days of this excellent man were sun-shine. His gloomy apprehensions vanished; he saw the ground of his confidence, and he departed in strong faith and lively hope, December 13, 1784. His remains were interred in Westminster-abbey, close by his friend Garrick, and a statue, with an appropriate inscription, has been erected to his memory in the cathedral of St. Paul.

Paul. His works have been published in 12 volumes, 8vo. and his life has been written by several authors, particularly Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Boswell. As a writer, few have done such essential service to this country, by fixing its language, and regulating its morality. In his person he was large, robust, and rather unwieldly. In his dress he was singular and slovenly. In conversation he was violent, positive, and impatient of contradiction. Yet with all his singularities, he had an excellent heart, full of tenderness and compassion. All his actions were the result of principle. He was a stout advocate for truth, and a zealous champion for the christian religion, as professed in the church of England. In politics, he was a tory, and at one period of his life, a great friend to the discarded house of Stuart. He had a noble independence of mind, and could never bear to stoop to any man, however exalted, or to disguise his sentiments, to flatter another. His judgment was uncommonly acute and steady, his imagination quick and ready, his memory tenacious to a wonderful degree, and his conversation brilliant and instructive. His piety was solemn, fervent, and impressive, founded on the purest principles, and regulated by sound wisdom."

"JONES (Sir William), a celebrated English writer and judge in India, was the son of an eminent mathematician, and born in 1748. He received his education at Harrow school, from whence he removed to University College, Oxford, and about 1769 made the tour of France. The year following he translated the History of Nadir Shah, from a Persian MS. into French, at the request of the king of Denmark, but received no other return than the honour of being chosen a member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen. The year following he published his grammar of the Persian language, and also Dissertation sur la Littérature Orientale, 8vo. which was followed by Lettrè à Mons. A—— du P——, dans laquelle est compris l'Examin de sa Traduction des Libres attribues à Zoroastre, in which he vindicated the University of Oxford from the attack of an arrogant Frenchman. In 1773, having taken his degree of M.A. he resolved on making the law his profession, and accordingly applied to that study with great assiduity. Soon after his being call-

ed to the bar, he was appointed commissioner of bankrupts, but did not obtain much practice in the courts. In 1779 he published the Speeches of Isæus, in causes concerning the law of succession to property at Athens, with a prefatory discourse, &c. 4to. The shameful riots in London in 1780 occasioned him to write a piece, intituled, An Inquiry into the Legal Mode of suppressing Riots; with a Constitutional Plan of future Defence. Next year he printed an Essay on the Law of Bailments, 8vo. a treatise which did great honour to his legal abilities. About this time we find him engaged in politics, and a zealous member of the Constitutional Society. In 1783 he was appointed judge of the supreme court of Bengal, on which occasion he received the honour of knighthood. During his voyage to the East Indies he planned the scheme of a society which was afterwards established at Calcutta, and of which Sir William became the active president. Several volumes of their transactions have been published, and the Asiatic Society promise immense benefits to the world of science and literature. Sir William's conduct, as a judge was most exemplary, and his literary exertions continued indefatigable. With all his other great qualities he was a sincere believer in the doctrines of christianity, and applied his knowledge to strengthen the authority of the scripture history. He died in India in 1794. His works were collected and published in 6 vols. 4to. 1799, by his widow, the daughter of the late Dr. Shipley, bishop of St. Asaph."

"PITT (William), the illustrious Earl of Chatham, was the son of Robert Pitt, Esq. of Boconnock, in Cornwall, and born in 1708. He was educated at Eton, from whence he went to Trinity College, Oxford. He served for some time as a cornet of dragoons, but his talents led him into another field in 1735, and he was chosen to represent the borough of Old Sarum in parliament, where he soon distinguished himself by his powerful eloquence in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole. For this the Duchess of Marlborough left him in her will in 1745, 10,000l. The year following he was made joint vice-treasurer of Ireland, paymaster-general of the army, and a privy-counsellor. In 1755 he resigned his places, and remained out of office, till December 1756, when he was appointed secretary of state for the southern department

ment. He was removed shortly after, but so greatly had he possessed himself of the public opinion, that the nation made his cause their own, and he was in 1757 re-appointed secretary of state. His vigilance and sagacity in office were only equalled by his disinterestedness. As he enjoyed the public confidence in a manner, and to a degree, never before witnessed by a statesman, so no man ever studied more to deserve it. It must be allowed that great glory attended the British arms in his administration, owing to the bravery and skill of the commanders of our fleets and armies: but it must also be considered that Mr. Pitt had the merit of drawing into notice, and employing those heroes. The plans also which they carried into effect were his own. His eye ran through every department of the state, and therefore, as he was vigilant, all was activity and promptitude. Thus the designs of the enemy were baffled, and his own were executed before they were suspected. On the death of George II. a new set of men came into power. The Earl of Bute became the confidential friend of the young monarch; and Mr. Pitt, finding neither himself nor his measures acceptable, resigned his place about the end of 1761. The nation at large grieved at this event as a public evil, and the city of London, in an address on the occasion, lamented "as a national loss, the deprivation of a most faithful and able minister at a most critical juncture." Not long after this a pension of 3000l. a year was granted to him, and his wife was created a baroness in her own right. In 1766 a new ministry was formed, in which Mr. Pitt bore a part as lord privy seal, and was created Earl of Chatham. This ministry, however, was weak, and the people seemed to have forgot Mr. Pitt and the patriot in the peer and the pensioner. His popularity, though still respectable, was not equal to that which he had experienced, and he went out of office in 1768 without much observation. Things began now to wear a portentous aspect on the western side of the Atlantic, and the Earl of Chatham, from the beginning, set himself vigorously in opposition to the mad measures of an infatuated ministry. His eloquence again shook the senate, and echoed through the kingdom. He warned the nation against an unnatural and fruitless contest; and his last effort in public was in

speaking on the question of American Independence, April 8, 1778. In the midst of his speech, he was seized with a convulsive fit, and he died the 11th of the same month. His remains lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and were afterwards deposited with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory, with the following inscription.

Erected by the King and Parliament
as a Testimony to
The Virtues and Ability
of
WILLIAM PITT, *Earl of Chatham*;
During whose Administration
Divine Providence
Exalted Great Britain
To an height of Prosperity and Glory
Unknown to any former age."

" WASHINGTON (George), one of the founders of the American republic, and the first president of the federal government. This great man, one of the few who have been great without being criminal, was born on the 11th of February, 1732, in the parish of Washington, in Virginia. He was descended from an ancient family in Cheshire, of which a branch had established itself in Virginia, about the middle of the last century. He was educated at his father's house under a private tutor, and before he was twenty was appointed major in the colonial militia. In the unfortunate expedition under Braddock he served as a volunteer, and was of great service in securing and conducting the subsequent retreat; he afterwards acted a distinguished part against the French upon the Ohio, but in 1758 was obliged by ill health to resign his military command; he afterwards married, and lived a retired and tranquil life at his seat at Mount Vernon, until the assemblage of the Congress on the 26th of October, 1774, of which famous assembly he was a member. In June, 1775, he took the command of the American army before Boston, and continued in the chief command of all the American forces during the remainder of that unfortunate contest. It cannot be doubted that it was the prudence, the policy, and the genius of Washington, which retrieved the affairs of America,

and which finally established its independence. After the conclusion of the war in 1783, he was chosen president of the convention of delegates, and on the 30th of April, 1789, was inaugurated president of the United States of North America, under the new constitution, which had been framed by the preceding convention. Unsought elevation, and cheerful retreat, were peculiar to the history of this extraordinary man; he at all times courted privacy, and only *submitted* to exercise authority as a public duty. Agreeably to this elevation of soul, and on the 17th of September, 1796, at a time when he judged that the state of the concerns of his country no longer required his superintendance, he signified in his famous address his intentions no longer to become a candidate for the office of president. From the expiration of this office, in March 1797, he enjoyed his beloved retreat until his death, which happened after two days illness, on the 14th of December, 1799. This truly great man seemed to have been expressly formed by Providence for the mighty work of establishing the independance of a great people. In his character were renewed and united all the qualities most admired in the noblest names of antiquity. Timoleon, Camillus, and Fabius, did not surpass him in fortitude, prudence, disinterestedness, and integrity. No one ever more effectually united decisive firmness with that lenity which flows from true benevolence; nor ever passed through the ordeal of power and influence more free from the suspicion of selfish and ambitious designs. His fame, glory, reputation, were subordinate considerations to the successful performance of the high task assigned him; and he could, without impatience, wait for that reward of public applause and gratitude, which was all he desired for services beyond the power of estimate."

Whilst we have transcribed these specimens with pleasure, we enter our protest against several sketches which are not drawn up with equal candour and ability. The account both of *Bishop Hoadly* and of *Robert Robinson*, are evidently tinged with party prejudice, which ought not to have shed its baneful influence over any part of a work designed for general utility. The publication is undoubtedly on the whole a valuable com-

pendium of biography, and the author deserves thanks for his industry. He ought, however, to have carefully guarded his pen in every instance against a spirit which, whenever it appears, must be pronounced inimical to a strict and rigorous impartiality.

The State of the Hop Plantations, including a candid Review of the Disputes between *the Old and New Hop Merchants, with a correct Table, exhibiting the Prime Cost and Sale of the Hops; to which are added Strictures on Monopoly, together with Hints on the present Scarcity and High Price of Provisions. By W. Randall, Nurseryman, Maidstone, Kent, Author of Plans for Training Oak Timbers to Compass Shapes for Naval Purposes, since published in the Annals of the Society of Arts, &c.* Symonds. 2s. 6d.

THE value of the HOP has been long ago felt and acknowledged in this country. The counties of Kent, Worcester, and Sussex, have been chiefly devoted to its cultivation; and it may therefore be pronounced one of the most important productions to which agriculturists have turned their attention.

The purport of this pamphlet is fully stated in the title page, and the contents answer to the professions. We have met with much information in its perusal, and on that account we warmly recommend it to those of our readers who may feel themselves interested in the subject.

A detail is here given of the expences with which the cultivation of the hop is attended in its several stages, and a parallel drawn between these expences and the prices for which they have sold for some years past, so that a just estimate may be easily formed of the present state of the hop plantations.

Mr. Randall, in the spirit of genuine patriotism, recommends measures which, in his opinion, will ensure the improvement of his country. The multiplication of small sized farms, and also of canals for water carriage, is the particular subject of his commendation.

He also combats the reasoning of the *Author of the Essay on Population*, by shewing that nature in every instance possesses adequate resources for the evils to which she may be subjected. Friendly to the progressive melioration of the human species, Mr. Randall contends that they are at present in the infancy of improvement; but that by the means of liberal and well adjusted regulations, they will be advancing towards the goal of perfection with an accelerated rapidity.

We applaud the industry which has collected together, and the ingenuity which has arranged the several articles contained in this interesting production.

An Essay on the Passions, with other Poems. By A. Donoughee. 5s. Champante and Whitrow.

A SPIRIT of melancholy is oftentimes favourable to the productions of the muse, imparting to them a tenderness which excites our sympathy. This is the case with that incomparable production, Gray's Elegy in a Country Church Yard. Something of the same kind is observable in the volume before us. The author appears to have drunk deep of the cup of affliction, though with the particulars of his misfortunes we are not made acquainted. We should suspect from his name that he was a native of Ireland, and this circumstance will account for the dejection with which these effusions are tinctured.

The following ingenious address shall be transcribed —it shews the temper of the author's mind—indeed his talents ought not to be neglected:

AN ADDRESS TO A SHILLING,

WHICH THE AUTHOR GAVE TO THE LATE SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE SUPPORT OF HIS COUNTRY.

" Go forth my mite! and join the heap
That loyalty bestows;
Go guard our coast, go rule the deep,
And thunder on our foes.

Be not abash'd—resign thy fear,
That weak and poor thou art;
'Twas honest labour brought thee here,
And freedom bids us part.

Go forth—and when amid the train
Of glittering thousands prest;
Should some proud *guinea* look disdain,
Be thus thy speech addrest:

" Tho' from no golden heaps I came,
" Nor boast a purse-proud owner,
" A *sterling shilling* is my name,
" And loyal is the donor.

" His debts when paid he found me o'er,
" And gave me with good will;
" Oft wish'd me gold, or what is more,
" But equal to his zeal."

I see thy little heart pants high,
And pants in ev'ry string;
Then on with energy, and cry
BRITANNIA and her KING!

We might have made various pleasing extracts from this publication; but we recommend it to our readers. We wish that the author, who is certainly possessed of taste and ability, may receive due encouragement in the cultivation of his talents, which with care might prove serviceable to the community. Distress, from whatever source it may arise, ought to excite emotions of com-

passion and to receive from us the condolence of sympathy.

Angling in all its Branches, reduced to a complete Science, being the Result of more than Forty Years real Practice and strict Observation throughout the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. By Samuel Taylor, Gent. 5s. Longman and Rees.

THIS work is divided into three parts; an account of all the rivers, with the fish contained in them, throughout the several counties of Great Britain, which are here alphabetically arranged; a description of the different kinds of fish taken by angling; and, lastly, a list of artificial flies, together with the manner after which they are formed. In each of these departments Mr. Taylor shews himself at home, and has communicated much important information. His egotism, however might have been spared—it is no recommendation.

We wonder that Mr. Taylor should not mention WALTON, the Father of Anglers, to whom the lovers of this delightful art are under great obligations. Peace be to the memory of that venerable man, who to the innocence of a hermit joined the cheerfulness and piety of the true Christian! Modesty was one of the chief traits in his character, and no one can rise up from the perusal of his *Complete Angler* without pleasing impressions. We may occasionally complain of diffuseness, but in general his simplicity charms the imagination and engages the heart.

From Mr. Taylor we shall take an extract, which contains a *list of fishes*, and shall further add his account of the SALMON, which enriches our tables, and forms one of our choicest dainties.

NAMES OF FISHES TAKEN BY ANGLING IN OUR RIVERS, &c.

1st. Those of Passage.

Salmon,
Salmon-Fry,
Salmon-Trout,
Bull-Trout or Scurf,
Bulger-Trout,
White Trout, Sewen or Whitling,
Gravling, Last-spring, Shedder, Gravel-last-spring, or Sampson,
Mullet,
Smelt,
Barbel,
Flounder,
Eel.

2d. Those that do not visit the Salt Water.

Trout,
Grayling,
Pike-Luce or Jack,
Perch,
Ruff or Pope,
Gudgeon,
Tench,
Carp,
Chub, Chevin, Nob, or Botling,
Rudd or Finscale,
Bream,
Roach,
Dace or Dare,
Bleak, Bley, or Whiting,
Minnow,
Loach,
Bull-head or Miller's Thumb,
Stickleback, Banstickle, or Sharpling.

OF THE SALMON.

"The salmon may justly be termed, among fresh-water fish, the superior of the rivers, both as it is the largest in size,

and the most excellent in its nature. It is a very handsome-made fish; the head is small, with a sharpish nose; the body is longish, and covered with fine bright thin scales; the colour on the back is bluish, on the other parts white, and it is very agreeably marked with irregular blackish or reddish-brown spots, even on the head, the covers of the gills, and all the way down on each side, from the lateral lines (which run from head to tail) to near the edge of the back, but very few are to be found on the belly sides of the lines; and the tail is forked. The female may be distinguished from the male by having a longer snout, and scales that are not quite so bright, with spots more of a darkish brown colour; the belly also is flatter; and the flesh is more dry, not so red, nor of so good a flavour.

"The salmon is certainly a fish of prey, having teeth in his mouth, as other fish of prey have, and delighting in pursuing and seizing small fish. It is very remarkable, however, that though a Salmon shall be taken in the very act of chasing and catching the small fry, yet, upon opening it, nothing of that nature will be found within it; nor has it ever been discovered, by opening these fish, what they do subsist on!

"The salmon is a fish of passage, frequenting both the salt and fresh water. Some begin to leave the sea at the latter end of December, others in January and February, and continue running up the rivers more or less till near their spawning time, which is chiefly in the months of September and October; though some spawn before that time, and some after; for I have observed them to be big with roe in January in some countries, and in others in May. They begin to go out of season in July, which may be discovered by their scales appearing rougher and not so bright, and a little blackish about the head; in short, they can never be said to be in perfection when they begin to have roe; from which time they will gradually get worse and worse; and near their spawning time they will turn to a sort of dirty yellowish colour; their flesh will be soft, their beautiful spots vanish; and, after spawning, they will become black, disagreeable to look at, and appear not like fish of the same kind.

"The *porpus*, or *sea hog*, is a great enemy to salmon, and will often chase them for a considerable distance up the rivers.

"The salmon always breeds in rivers that have communications with the sea; but so high up as to have the water pure and free from any brackish tincture. They are very restless, and always endeavouring to get near the spring head; to effect which, they will leap over weirs and other obstructions, to the astonishment of the beholders; and thus, in the course of their journey, they fix on convenient places for their purpose, which are generally upon flats, where the bottom is gravel and sand, and the stream moderate, and not over deep; they also prefer the tails and sides of swift streams. By the time they have accommodated themselves, nature supplies the males with an *excrescence* which grows out of the end of the lower jaw, and is a bony gristle, somewhat resembling a large hawk's beak; is very strong, and will grow to the length of about an inch and a half, or more. With this they go to work, and throw up the gravel and sand in heaps a foot or more high, like mole-hills in a field, leaving hollow places between, wherein the females cast their eggs; and the males, performing their natural office, go to work again, and cover all substantially over, to prevent other fish from destroying them, and to nourish and bring them to perfection. This done, they immediately run down the rivers to the sea, which restores them to their strength, and adds greatly to their growth and goodness; and here the male gradually loses the *excrescence* before described. But if any are stopped by floodgates, weirs, or otherwise confined to fresh water, they will become lean; waste away in their bodies; their heads will appear large, and of a different form from what they are when in health; and they will die by degrees, for want of the benefit of the salt water. The purging of the salt water, therefore, may as well be a reason why salmon grow so fast, as the want thereof the cause why they pine away and die so soon when confined to fresh water; for nature directs them to the salt water to purge and cleanse them, not only from their impurities after spawning, but from all others acquired by their manner of feeding all the summer in fresh water. It likewise hardens their fat and flesh; and the fresh water, adding to their flavour, makes them more wholesome.

"I have often with delight seen these fish working their beds, observed them casting their spawn, and admired the cu-

rious method in which they cover the beds up again, particularly in the river Shannon in Ireland.

"In this manner their spawn is left; and therein it is nourished and brought to perfection without any other care. There are several kinds of fish that will destroy the spawn when the salmons have left their stations, by rooting it up wherever they are able; these are, particularly, the eel, roach, and dace.

"The salmon has different names in different countries, according to its age; those that are taken in the river *Ribble*, in Yorkshire, are in the first year called *smelts*, in the second year *sprods*, in the third *morts*, in the fourth *forktails*, in the fifth *half-fish*, and in the sixth *salmon*. The small salmons, called *morts* and *peals* in most parts of England and Ireland, are named *grils* in Scotland.

"It is very remarkable, that such erroneous accounts should be given by many natural historians of the growth and weight of these fish. They in general state, that a *salmon* attains his full growth at the weight of forty pounds; whereas, both in Great Britain and Ireland, I have seen them from sixty to near seventy pounds weight, and have heard of larger. I have taken some by angling with an artificial fly and other baits, weighing upwards of forty pounds.

"All fish, so long as they remain in health and escape misfortunes from the bite of fish of prey, (as well as other injuries to which they are frequently liable,) add something to their size and weight continually, breeding and growing; for all fish will begin to spawn when very young, and before they are half grown: hence we see small salmons with roe as well as large ones. Such is my humble opinion however; and after having made it my study for upwards of forty years, I have the confidence to believe, that my knowledge of the nature of fresh-water fish is equal with the land sportsman's knowledge of the nature of hares, pheasants, partridges, and other game; with which I am also not unacquainted.

"There are in Ireland two beautiful falls of water (nearly perpendicular) which are called *Salmon Leaps*; one at *Ballough-Shannon*; the other at *Lexlip*, about eight or nine miles from Dublin. The *salmon*, when running from the sea, leap up these *cascades*; and it is hardly credible by those who have not witnessed it, that these fish should be able to dart themselves

fall twelve feet perpendicular out of the water; nay, allowing for the curvature, they must sometimes leap sixteen or eighteen feet. They do not, however, always succeed at the first leap; for sometimes when they have almost reached the summit, the falling water dashes them down again; at others, they fall head foremost or sidelong upon the rocks, where they remain stunned for a few moments, and then struggle into the water again. When they are so lucky as to reach the top, they swim out of sight in a moment. They do not appear to spring from the surface of the water, nor can it be ascertained from what depth they take their leap. It seems, however, to be performed by a forcible spring with their tails bent to their mouths; for their principal strength is in their tails. They have sometimes been shot—at others caught with strong barbed hooks fixed to a pole, at others again, by a kind of basket fastened to a long pole, and instances have been known of women catching them in their aprons during their leap. Sometimes one may see forty or perhaps more of these leaps in an hour. There is a *cataract* of this kind on the river *Tivy* in *Pembrokeshire*, and another on the river *Wear*, not far from Durham, which is accounted very high; but that which I have spoken of in *Ireland* is much higher. I have often been surprised, while angling near mills, and other obstructions that sometimes prevent the *salmon*'s free course up the rivers, to to see a *salmon* leap with violence against a mill-wheel when going round, a rock, or a wall, and rebound with such force as to fall at my feet. Indeed, sometimes they are cut asunder by mill-wheels at work.

"It must be remarked, that *salmon* is much more plentiful in the rivers of *Scotland* and *Ireland* than in those of *England*; and that it is very cautious of venturing too far into the salt water, through dread of being devoured by the *porpus* or other fish of prey; they therefore keep about the bays near the entrance of the rivers into the sea; and upon their return from thence always enter the same rivers in which they had been spawned: which naturally accounts for some of them being better than others, according to the different quality and purity of the water in the rivers to which they resort."

How far this treatise has reduced *angling* to a *complete science*, we shall not pretend to determine. Cer-

tain it is that the rules for attending to this delightful art with success, are here laid down with perspicuity and brevity.

A Poetical Review of Miss Hannah More's Strictures on Female Education, in a Series of Anapestic Epistles. By Sappho Search. Hurst. 2s. 6d.

AFTER the celebrated manner of the Bath Guide, does this lady examine the treatise of Miss Hannah More with a searching sagacity. Many of her turns are pointed, and the passages which are made the subject of animadversion, are placed by way of notes at the foot of the page. Thus the reader may at once ascertain the justness of the comment—and we often smiled at her ingenuity.

In her third epistle she defends her fellow creatures from the dreadful charge of *original corruption*; and on other principles accounts for the depravity which is to be found in the world. We have no room for large extracts, but shall just add these specimens of the manner in which the work is executed.

Of the *passions* she thus speaks:

"The passions are ponies, high-mettled and strong,
Which whirl us thro' life's dusty road all along;
Drunk or sober sits reason with reins in his hand,
The steeds wing'd with fire which he has to command;
No wonder they often then gallop away
Thro' thick and thro' thin, from the right road astray:
Their prancings and caperings produce sometimes ill;
But take out the horses—the COACH then stands still!

The other extract relates to a *child*, and will please our readers:

"I once saw an infant, not yet three years old,
Exhibit a trait which 'twas joy to behold;

As we walk'd forth together to gather wild flowers,
Soon after the earth had been freshen'd with showers;
While the bees on the cinquefoil were culling their treasure,
And each humming insect felt life was a pleasure;
In the path-way this infant observing a worm
Strike its beak 'gainst a straw, and then instantly turn—
"*Poor worm can't get over the straw*"—he did say,
And immediately stoop'd to remove it away.
God of nature! I cry'd—till by bad nurses spoil'd,
What sweet dispositions reside in a child!

The epistle concludes with the following just sentiments:

Superstition and *self-love*, on virtues plant crimes,
And reason and justice o'erpow'r in all climes;
Oppress'd by his fears, and involv'd in the dark,
No ray to direct his footsteps could he mark,
Till the BRIGHT STAR of BETHLEHEM benignant arose,
To guide the poor wanderer to peace and repose.
Superstition's dark clouds have obscur'd e'en that STAR,
And often involv'd us in darkness and war;
Refracted thro' prejudice, often it shines,
And good men are fearful its brightness declines;
But let them not fear, transient clouds pass away,
And this STAR o'er the earth shall diffuse a pure ray;
No man then shall dread persecution's vile rod,
And each heart shall become the true altar of God!
Then let us, dear sister, do all that we can
To add to the comfort and knowledge of man;
Encourage the virtues in young minds that shoot,
And weed out the vices before they can root;
Indigenous some, but the greater part sown,
For most of their vices are none of their own:
But this letter begins now enormous to swell,
Therefore for the present I bid you farewell.

Though there be good sense and an agreeable humour in these and other passages, yet we must confess the lightness of the verse is ill suited to the importance

of the subject. Education and religion are, without doubt, the most interesting topics that can engage the attention of mankind. To Miss More's publication we have many things to object; but we are ready at the same time to acknowledge, that it contains excellent remarks on the vices and follies of the fashionable world.

The Name of the Lord of Hosts explained and improved, in a Sermon preached in the Chapels of Prince's Street Westminster, on February 16, *and Essex Street, Strand, on February* 23, 1800. *By Joshua Toulmin, D. D. Published by earnest Request.* Johnson. 1s.

THE author undertakes to prove, and in our opinion has proved, that the term *Lord of Hosts* does not imply that the Divine Being approves, much less delights, in the effusion of human blood. Voltaire in particular has made this objection to revelation, and here the charge is fully obviated. "War," says Dr. Toulmin, "is a great evil—the source of incalculable miseries. It is consolation to reflect that, like other evils, it is under the controul of the supreme Lord of heaven and earth, and will be over-ruled by his commanding influence to good. But it is not from his delight, nor his agency in it, that the Almighty derives his name, the LORD OF HOSTS. This title proceeded from his being the creator and sovereign of all things in heaven and earth!"

It is impossible not to approve of an explication so agreeable to the pacific nature of the Christian religion, and so favourable to the best interests of society.

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Economy illustrated and recommended, and a Caution against Modern Infidelity; in Two Sermons preached at the Old Jewry, and printed by particular Request. By Abraham Rees, D. D. F. R. S. Robinsons.

THE preacher has here, with his usual good sense, discussed two important topics, with which the happiness of the human race is closely connected. Economy and religion are the two pillars on which rest, as on an immoveable basis, the welfare and prosperity of the community.

Gather up the Fragments that nothing be lost, is the very appropriate passage selected for the foundation of the first address, which is replete with good advice respecting our temporal affairs. In these times *waste* is an unpardonable sin; and its heinousness is here pointed out with peculiar energy. Speaking of his text, Dr. Rees justly remarks—"Excellent and admirable lesson of prudence and economy! A lesson which, delivered by such a teacher and upon such a memorable occasion, cannot be unworthy of universal regard, nor unsuitable to the important ends of religious instruction."

In the second discourse (preached on the last fast day) the pernicous effects of infidelity are pointed out with accuracy. Its influence on individuals and on society is well pourtrayed. The concluding paragraph is excellent: "We cannot exhibit a more convincing evidence of *true patriotism*, of our love to our country, and of our concern for its permanence and prosperity, than by doing what lies in our power to preserve and promote a due regard to religion, both in the principles and practice of it. Our upright, active, zealous, and continued efforts, united to those of others for this purpose, by our counsel, example, and influence, cannot, under the blessing of God, fail of success. We shall thus, at all

events, ensure to ourselves an inheritance in that kingdom of God which is prepared for the just—a kingdom of unmolested security, of uninterrupted concord, and pure and perfect holiness and everlasting felicity!"

Original Letters of J. J. Rousseau, to M. De Malesherbes, M. D. Alembert, Madame la M. de Luxembourg, &c. with a Fac-simile of Rousseau's Hand Writing, and an original Military Air of his Composition; also original Letters of Butta Fuoco, and David Hume. Translated from the French. Symonds.

ROUSSEAU was, in every respect, a most singular man; by one party he has been idolized, by another party devoted to destruction. Making allowance however for the peculiarities of his opinions and conduct, he was, without doubt, possessed of uncommon originality. A refinement of sentiment and a delicacy of language, characterise all his productions.

Internal evidence is in favour of the letters before us, which we have read with pleasure. They principally relate to Rousseau's private affairs, and many of them must have been highly flattering to his vanity. His hand writing is curious, and his remarks on military music judicious and impressive. This science he had studied, and therefore he had a right to pronounce a judgment on the subject. Hume's letters contain an account of the caprice and humour of Rousseau during his abode in England. It is much the same story that we have already given our readers under an article of *Lord Orford*, in a former number of our work. Rousseau, with all his genius, was subject to a species of insanity for which there may be no name among the faculty, but which proved very troublesome to the persons with whom he was immediately concerned. Hume

endeavoured to serve him, but he was a man not to be served. A retreat was procured for him in Derbyshire, in which solitude and comfort were united; but after a short continuance here, out he rushed, and again combated with the bustle of the world, for which he had expressed the most profound contempt. Hume justly remarks in these letters, that such an unfortunate derangement is entitled to our commisseration.

CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to J. C. for the pieces he has sent us signed B. and we shall thank him to send the *Moral Tale* for inspection; but the *Strictures* do not suit us; nor the *Remarks on Animals* by J. F. For the time to come we must admit no essays but those that are very *well written*. Complaints have been made on the subject; and several of our readers have expressed a wish that original and valuable extracts from new publications should constitute the greatest portion of our MISCELLANY. Having received a conceited impertinent letter from Mr. Maswell, we of course shall have nothing more to say either to him or his communications.

Ode to Wisdom—Despair, a Pastoral Ballad—The Captive—Winter, and Religion, are not correct enough for insertion. The pieces of Anna, Anna Maria, and Eliza, meet our approbation; and we wish them to continue their contributions.

We esteem ourselves obliged to Civis for his tale, *The Triumph of Truth*, with which we were much pleased, and which was brought to a close in the last Number of our MISCELLANY. *Alcander and Monimia*, a tale, shall be inserted. Communications of merit will receive an early attention, but *rubbish* of every kind we commit to the flames without ceremony.

Will. Sharp.

W. G. Curtis

MAYOR of LONDON.

Published July 1.1800, by H.D.Symonds, 20 Paternoster Row.